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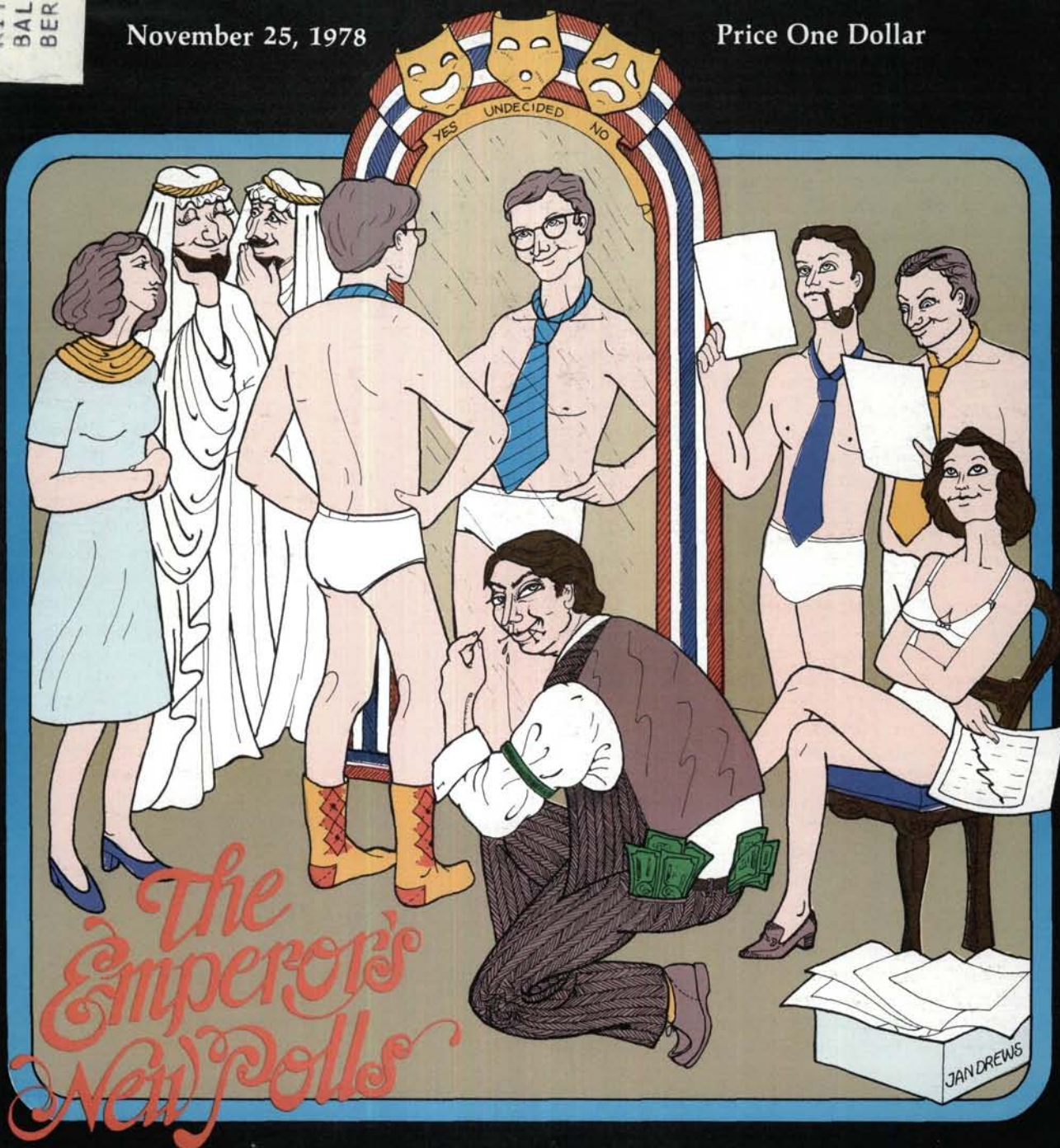
THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 25, 1978

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TRB

from Washington
November 25, 1978

®

The Silent Majority

With an instinct that my friends call uncanny I invariably buy stocks on Wall Street just before the bottom falls out. Disappointment over my latest dud, however—Super Glue Adhesive, Inc. (an assumed name)—was partly diverted by a minatory form letter received from the company's president just before the election. Fellow shareholders, he said in stern adjuration, have you done your civic duty? Have you joined SGA-PAC (the last initials, of course, standing for Political Action Committee)? Big government is threatening, he said, and America's 25 million stockholders must take action.

PACs, you see, are helping to substitute for weakening political parties in America and they are part of a number of almost revolutionary changes that are transforming our system of government. There are 150 million people eligible to vote and a week ago Tuesday about 100 million of them stayed home. Disgraceful, of course. In a faceless election in which dozens of Washington political writers desperately hunted around for "trends," that was the biggest trend of all. The percentage of unalienated voters has dropped steadily. In the midterm election of 1966 some 45.4 percent voted; now it is down to around 34 percent. It is two percent less than four years ago, which some people thought had hit bottom. The percentage isn't much higher in a presidential race. It is the lowest of any industrial democracy. Canada turned out 74 percent last time, and West Germany 91 percent. What is going on here, anyway?

What is going on is, I think, that our political system is so fragmented that it can't deliver the goods. "Apathy is too mild a word," writes Curtis B. Gans, codirector of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate. "There are substantial numbers of Americans who are disenchanted with the political process, disgusted with their leaders and disillusioned by the

failure of government and of both political parties to meet their needs."

Three weeks from now the Democrats hold their biennial midterm conference (in Memphis, December 8-10), with 1633 voting delegates. They will consider what Jimmy Carter and his party are doing, and they will discuss the agenda for the 96th Congress. There is a great deal to discuss, particularly how to make the system work. The problem goes beyond any particular bill; it involves the whole governing process. There is, says John Gardner of Common Cause, "a paralysis in national policy-making." What are the reasons for this?

There has been a centralization of big government at the top and a decentralization of political power down below, particularly in the two parties. There has been a proliferation of primaries, for example, at which the turnout is even smaller than at the regular elections. (Example: ultraconservative GOP Senate candidate Roger Jepsen in Iowa snatched the Republican nomination from his rival in the primary where only 17 percent turned out. Once nominated, Jepsen achieved a coalition of single-issue minorities: the anti-abortion lobby, the anti-gun control lobby and the like which gave him 26,000 votes over Democratic liberal Dick Clark. Of Jepsen's total vote, 25,000 came from the Right-to-Life group, according to the *Des Moines Register*.)

Primaries are only the start. Growing use of initiative petitions (like Proposition 13) creates a government-by-referenda system in the states. It substitutes direct democracy for representative democracy. It can be a valuable tool, but it reduces the role of established party leaders. That's going on all through the process, including the "open" procedure of selecting delegates to presidential conventions (the McGovern rules).

For years the AFL-CIO, through its political action committee, has contributed campaign funds to friends. Now the law frees corporations to do the same thing by establishing similar PACs that solicit voluntary contributions in the name of stockholders or employees. That's what my corporation, Super Glue, Inc., reminded me that I ought to be doing. Super Glue's president warned me against "big government" and applauded "individual initiative and a free market."

There are currently 1828 registered PACs and in the election they doled out money by the fistful. The union groups

are now a minority. The American Medical Association's lobby group, AMPAC, for example, has been active in the fight to defeat President Carter's hospital cost containment bill, designed to put wage-price controls on hospital costs, which have been jumping 17 percent a year. According to a compilation by Common Cause, AMPAC over three and a half years subsidized most of the members of the House Commerce Committee who voted to kill the bill. Senator Edward Kennedy says that PACs "are multiplying like rabbits, and they are doing their best to buy every senator, every representative and every issue in sight."

If more people voted, the passionate single interest minorities would be less powerful. As it is, the new type of young congressman who comes to Washington is wary of ideology and more interested in getting federal favors for his district. There are 385 subcommittees in Congress (only 535 members) so practically every special interest group can find a foothold somewhere.

It presents problems for Jimmy Carter. Presidents used to deal with powerful committee chairmen who were amenable to White House persuasion; now the power has been fragmented here too. A new coalition must be built for every issue. "The inertia of Congress—the length of time it takes to get a complicated piece of legislation through," unpleasantly surprised him in Washington, Carter told Bill Moyers in a TV interview last week.

Why don't Americans vote? People do elsewhere; but in parliamentary democracies the elections are not by the calendar, like the midterm election here; they are generally built around some striking personality and rousing issue. Here there is often a sense of apathy, of futility. Perhaps Americans are thrown off by the sight of rich people buying their way in politics. Jesse Helms, senator from North Carolina, notes in his official biography that he is a deacon and Sunday school teacher, Mason and Rotarian, recipient of the "Outstanding Service Award of the Council Against Communist Aggression." He hired the services of right-wing fundraiser Richard A. Viguerie and spent seven million dollars on his successful reelection campaign. That's three dollars a voter. Congress won't pass a bill limiting election expenditures. Non-voters stay home, says Arthur T. Hadley in his sad new study, "The Empty Polling Booth," because they feel powerless. There were 100 million this year.

Correspondence

Violence at Selma

To the editors:

I was disturbed to read David Herbert Donald's review of *Protest at Selma: Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Voting Rights Act of 1965* by David Garrow (TNR, November 4). In this review, Donald discusses Garrow's theory, which states that Martin Luther King Jr.'s strategy was to instigate violence against the marchers to gain sympathy from the observing public. Donald claims that Garrow has based his theory on his own deductions, and can "cite no public or private statements by King or other SCLC leaders to support his argument." Mr. Donald has not done his homework. In the April 3, 1965 edition of the *Saturday Review*, Dr. King himself writes of his goals at Selma, including the step by step strategy which follows: "1) Nonviolent demonstrators go into the streets to exercise their constitutional rights. 2) Racists resist by unleashing violence against them. 3) Americans of conscience in the name of decency demand federal intervention and legislation. 4) The Administration, under mass pressure, initiates measures of immediate intervention and remedial legislation." It seems obvious that Garrow has pinpointed King's strategy. Further proof of the validity of his theory lies in King's comment that "... whether we are marching to Montgomery or to a limited point within the city limits of Selma could not be determined in advance; the only certain thing was that we had to begin so that a confrontation with injustice would take place, in full view of the millions looking on throughout this nation." King goes on to say that "we would not disengage until they (state troopers) were going to use force. We would disengage then, having made our point, revealing the continued presence of violence, and showing clearly who are the oppressed and who the oppressors, hoping, finally, that the National Administration in Washington would feel and respond to the shocked reactions with action."

It is very clear that King fully intended for violence to erupt, and was counting on the public reaction to that violence to bring about his desired changes. This is exactly what Garrow has said in *Protest at Selma*, yet Donald refuses to acknowledge its validity with anything more than skepticism. I find it very

surprising that someone as authoritative as David Donald did not check all the facts before discounting the truth.

Marilyn R. Palkowski
New Haven, Connecticut

Insular innocents

To the editors:

It was interesting and quite exhilarating to find TNR publishing a book review written by one of criticism's young literary lions. I am of course referring to James Atlas, that brilliantly presumptuous founder of the Delmore Schwartz/Issac Rosenfeld Fan Club, who in reviewing another reviewer (*Reviewing the Forties* by Diana Trilling, TNR, October 28) has undoubtedly broken new ground in the areas of precosity and ostentation.

It is reassuring to know that someone like Atlas, so recently tempered in the hallowed halls of Harvard and mercilessly honed by the copy-editors of *Time* (where everyone surely turns for the latest literary pronouncements) can find the courage and wherewithall to comment so briskly and devastatingly on such an obscure 20th-century writer as Vladimir Nabokov.

Atlas is gratified that Mrs. Trilling (unlike the vast majority of us) found Nabokov's writing to be deaf "to the music of the English language" and I am in turn deeply thankful to Atlas for bringing this fact to light. It just goes to prove that Diana Trilling didn't know what she was talking about either and certainly extinguishes any interest I might have in her collection of reviews. Of course far be it from me to say that Nabokov is in the same league with Delmore and Issac (whom we have all read and enjoyed, haven't we?) but it is insulting and disappointing to see Mr. Atlas casually dismiss a writer's work because of something he calls "obvious stylistic failings" (now there is a phrase to enter in the new American Catalogue of Arrogance). There are those of us to whom Nabokov's writing is anything but obvious especially in style, and hardly a failure in any of its aspects. It was bad enough to read of Mrs. Trilling's obtuse criticism, but absolutely sickening to see someone as admirable as Atlas agreeing with her.

Perhaps both Mrs. Trilling and James Atlas enjoy finding themselves in that

group of reviewers whom Nabokov once called "those insular innocents whom my work affects so oddly that one might think I hypnotize them from the wings into making indecent gestures." At least from Mr. Atlas I had expected something much more enlightening.

The editors of TNR will be happy to know I am immediately cancelling my subscription to *Time*.

Don Mosley
Eugene, Oregon

Rear-guard mutterings about Michel Foucault

To the editors:

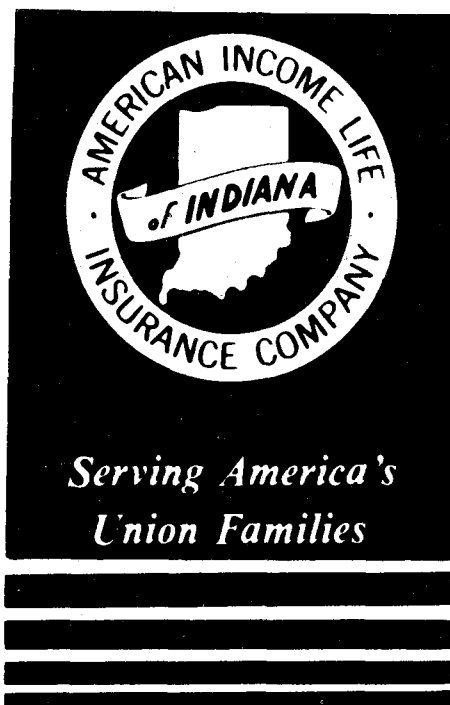
In his review of Michel Foucault's *The History of Sexuality* (TNR, October 28), Paul Robinson spends a lot of time demonstrating his distaste for both the style and substance of Parisian intellectual life. Fair enough: prejudices openly displayed can be openly discounted. Nonetheless he is mostly incorrect about such matters as Foucault's current standing in academic and other circles. As Michel Contat and Michel Rybalka (rather more astute Paris-watchers) have noted, it is Foucault who has emerged as the most durable theoretician of the structuralist/poststructuralist period. Foucault's work, perhaps alone among recent analyses, seems potentially to integrate itself with that of immediate predecessors like Sartre and Merleau-Ponty; indeed, Foucault's work can without strain be seen as continuing a certain line of European thought that includes Heidegger and Nietzsche.

Robinson's critique of the book itself is equally ill-advised—hardly a critique at all. Doubtless readers will have noted that beyond a glancing reference or two, Robinson never comes to grips with the theses Foucault advances. Instead he seems more concerned to decide whether the author is or is not a "Big Thinker." Is there such a thing as a "Big Thinker"? What is it? Is Foucault one? Why? Who cares?

After inaugurating so moronic an analytical category, it is graceless to say the least to accuse someone else of "empirically shoddy and unscientific" work.

Nevertheless the large question is valid. Does Foucault really lack rigor and system? One might think that publishing a methodological preface—which is exactly what *The History of Sexuality* is—argues for the opposite. Before going on to the body of the

(continued on page 39)



Comparative Financial Review

Years ended December 31,

	1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	\$22,340,297	\$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	\$ 4,878,866	\$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	\$ 2.88	\$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	\$ 2.89	\$ 1.97

Assets \$116,000,000
Insurance in Force \$1,289,599,000

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November 25, 1978



Any Hope for an Arms Treaty?

The November 7 election returns sent a shudder of fear through the administration's SALT-selling shop, and a thrill of joy through the anti-arms control community. One gloomy group meeting at the State Department on the day after election day could count only 60 senators—incumbents and newcomers—who might support the forthcoming strategic arms treaty with the Soviet Union, whereas 67 votes are needed for ratification of a treaty. A week later, one of the leading Senate plotters against the agreement gleefully reported his calculations showed that the administration had only 52 votes before the election and had suffered a net loss of five votes, leaving an ignominious total of 47 potential supporters of the administration's treaty.

Opponents of SALT were encouraged by conservative victories and liberal defeats in Iowa, Colorado, Minnesota, New Hampshire and elsewhere. But they were even more encouraged by the prospect that the election results, indicating a rightward swing of public opinion, would put such a scare into Senate liberals and moderates that they would be reluctant to lead the battle on behalf of SALT. One opponent predicted that two liberals on the Senate Armed Services Committee, Gary Hart of Colorado and John Culver of Iowa, will be spending so much time trying to save themselves from defeat in 1980 that they will have little time to lead the fight for SALT, as they had expected to do. Key swing voters like Sam Nunn of Georgia and Howard Baker of Tennessee, the Senate Republican leader, now will support SALT late, if at all, oppositionists predict. They say that in today's political atmosphere, Baker will forfeit his chances for the 1980 Republican presidential nomination if he supports President Carter on SALT, as he did on the Panama Canal treaty. Both the Republican and Democratic chairmen also interpreted the election returns as bad for SALT. Democratic Chairman John White said that the new Senate would vote against any treaty that was not seen as "advantageous" to the US, even though the Soviet Union is not

likely to agree to any treaty that is clearly pro-US.

President Carter himself has put on the face of a man who does not buy the conventional wisdom. "I think both liberals and conservatives, Democrats and Republicans, favor an agreement . . . which would limit the threat of nuclear arms in the future," Carter said in his post-election press conference. He added that no political assessment will dissuade him from sending a treaty up to the new Congress.

We think the president was right in what he said. But members of Carter's administration have been acting as though they do not believe him. White House political aide Hamilton Jordan has said repeatedly that the president is retaining the possibility of submitting SALT to Congress as an executive agreement instead of a treaty. An executive agreement can be authorized by only simple majorities in both houses, rather than a two-thirds majority in the Senate as required for treaties. Jordan has defended this "option" so doggedly since the election, both on a TV talk show and in a breakfast with reporters, that it seems his boss must be entertaining it seriously.

Even to talk about such a dodge, however, is a sign of weakness. Actually to employ it, once the SALT agreement is concluded with Moscow, would be a political disaster. It is true that part of President Nixon's SALT I pact was submitted as an agreement (while the ban on anti-ballistic missiles was handled as a treaty). The justification for this was that it was merely an interim measure with a limited life. The argument for similar handling of Carter's SALT II agreement is that its parts also will expire within between three and five years, and that it will be superseded by a permanent SALT III treaty. But whether or not precedent and legalistic parallels apply, the fact is that the Senate will not stand for the most serious responsibility entrusted to the US Government—the survival of the nation and its people—to be treated as a mere piece of legislation, when the Constitution provides for solemn agreements between nations to be treaties.

Senate Democratic leader Robert Byrd and Republican leader Baker both have warned President Carter against submitting SALT as an executive agreement. Senator Hart said again last week that the idea was "the dumbest thing I ever heard of." If Carter does not heed the warnings, SALT probably will be trounced, with liberals joining superhawks in common defense of the legislature's prerogative. Even if it appeared that the president might collect 51 senators to support the strategem, a filibuster certainly would ensue which could not be broken by less than 60 votes—only seven less than it takes to pass a treaty. And there is no telling what the House of Representatives might do with SALT if it ever got there. For all these reasons, President Carter would be wise to make it clear, and soon, that he intends to take the high road with the nuclear arms question.

Other evidence also indicates that Carter, despite his words, is scared by the election returns. In the very same press conference in which he pretended to be unfazed, he announced that the defense budget—and only the defense budget—would be exempt from anti-inflation pruning designed to hold the federal deficit under \$30 billion next year. Within days, the administration leaked or announced proposals for a two-billion-dollar civil defense scheme to disperse the population in event of nuclear war and a \$500 million infusion to speed development of the MX mobile ballistic missile and the Trident 2 submarine-launched missile.

These post-election moves were of a piece with other actions designed to show that the Carter administration really is tough, despite what its critics may say. After flubbing the neutron warhead decision early this year, President Carter has ordered a go-ahead on everything but final production and deployment of the weapon. He also has authorized work on the binary nerve gas shell and has put a three-star general in command of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Indeed, this is a general who only weeks before belonged to an organization dedicated to sinking the SALT agreement.

We are willing to support an increased defense budget particularly as the fulfillment of mutual pledges by the NATO allies to raise their military outlays in real terms by three percent per year over the next five years. There is a disagreement in the administration between the White House Office of Management and Budget, which wants to limit the increases to NATO-related activities, and the Pentagon, which wants an across-the-board hike. The difference is about two billion dollars for next year. President Carter apparently is siding with the Pentagon, but we urge him not to do so for mere political reasons. If he is going to starve domestic programs and feed the military, he and we should be clear that the defense money is really necessary.

There are other aspects of the administration's pre-SALT tough-guy posturing that we believe are not called for or which we believe deserve more thought. The two-billion-dollar civil defense proposal is a waste of money. Worse than that, it almost inevitably will create pressures for a bigger program and for the strategy of preparing to fight and win nuclear wars, rather than to deter them. The argument made for the proposal is that the US needs to match Soviet civil defense efforts. But a public CIA study and a still-secret ACDA one confirm that the Soviet program is as ineffective as the US one would be. We also have serious doubts about the desirability of deploying the MX missile, particularly in the multiple-aim point mode currently under consideration. Hiding land missiles to make them survivable may make it impossible for the Soviet Union to tell how many missiles we have. The Soviets will assume the worst, build missiles of their own without restraint and hide their missiles, too, leading us to fear the worst as well.

We do not believe it is wise for the president to approve every defense program available just to show Congress he's not a softy. As a matter of fact, Carter already is being accused of blatant vote-chasing. He also seems to be conceding to the anti-SALT opposition that the US defense posture today is weak, which it is not.

Opponents of the SALT treaty, well-organized, well-financed and generally well-meaning, have been waging a propaganda war for nearly two years now, designed to convince Congress and the public that the United States is falling dangerously behind the Soviet Union in nuclear power, and the trend will continue if SALT is ratified. They say that the Soviets will exploit their advantage militarily or politically, forcing the US to retreat. The administration has just begun making its public case for SALT which is that it will enhance US security by requiring reductions in Soviet armament, though not prohibiting the US from building the weapons it needs. We do not share the opponents' perception of current US-Soviet imbalance, though naturally we await publication of the actual SALT agreement before committing ourselves on its merits.

The Senate, contrary to various instant analyses after the election, does not have its mind made up about SALT. Few if any election races had the treaty as a major point of contention. It is true that three almost-certain SALT supporters—Dick Clark of Iowa, Floyd Haskell of Colorado and Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire—were beaten by conservatives whose votes will be hard to win. But in Michigan, Alabama, Nebraska and Oklahoma, almost-certain SALT opponents have been replaced by senators who are at least persuadable. All told, the elections increased the number of senators who have not yet made up their minds about SALT. We have little doubt that they will conscientiously study the issue and vote on it based on their best judgment of the security needs of the United States. We will be with them all the way.

More Boat People

While American officials pointlessly debate why they are where they are and how much they paid to get there, 2517 refugees from Vietnam are packed into a boat anchored near Kuala Lumpur, existing in devastating conditions of misery. Many are children and most are starving, yet no nation has yet offered to allow them entry. Thousands of Vietnamese who have fled their homes since the fall of Saigon have been admitted into the Western democracies, including the US. Thousands of others are in refugee camps in Malaysia and elsewhere around Southeast Asia which are almost as miserable as the boats. Still others are floating from port to port seeking a place to land, and many have perished at sea. The ship now floating in the Pacific contains the largest single group to seek refuge since the war. Their decrepit living conditions on the anchored freighter were described last week in *The New York Times*: "It is hard to tell whether their apathy is due more to lack of hope or to weakness from hunger, thirst and illness, but the morose stillness of the mass of people, including hundreds of young children, is frightening."

After these conditions were first reported in the press last year, the administration decided to allow 25,000 refugees into the US during 1978. Of those, half were to be from among the "boat people" and half from among the thousands of Cambodian and Laotian refugees now living in Thailand. The conditions of these unwelcome visitors to Thailand are no less miserable than those on boats or in refugee camps, and their numbers appear greater. Until now the US has made a reasonable, if limited, effort to resettle some of these refugees. Other countries, such as Malaysia, have taken in thousands of refugees, offering them subsistence but not asylum.

This nation has the resources to accept more refugees, particularly since their burden on the economy is negligible. The State Department estimates the cost of resettlement at \$1000 per person. Most of those previously admitted to this country are now self-supporting in jobs that do not reduce the number of jobs available to American citizens. The chief opponent to a more liberal admissions policy has been Joshua Eilberg, the Philadelphia congressman who was voted out of office earlier this month while under indictment for a kickback scheme.

There are two straightforward steps the US can take to help these people and guard its own moral reputation. First, the United States should eliminate political and economic considerations from the process of choosing which and how many refugees can enter this country. A rich person who has paid \$10,000 for the miserable boat passage is as much entitled to entry as a poor person who paid a dollar. It is also irrelevant whether a person's refugee status resulted from

American military action in Southeast Asia. There is no danger that any gratuitous favors we may do now will tilt our moral accounting with the Vietnamese too much in our favor. Besides, it has never been the policy of the US to decide who is starving for the right or wrong reasons. The Congress should immediately pass legislation permitting the Attorney General to offer parole entry to significantly larger numbers of Southeast Asian refugees. Second, the Carter administration should push at next month's United Nations meeting on the subject for a broad international policy to handle all Southeast Asian refugees.

White House Watch Trivia

At a White House seminar for reporters after the 1978 elections, naturally aimed at selling the notion that the Democrats did better than they really did, one of the official briefers uttered what has since become a journalistic cliché. "This," he said, "has been a pretty bad year for the pollsters." The official also said that the Democratic National Committee "didn't do any polling directly." These remarks instantly brought to mind the name of Patrick Caddell, who is known as "the President's pollster" and is discussed elsewhere in this issue. The listening reporters assumed that Caddell had been busily polling throughout the midterm campaign for the Committee, which is one of his clients. The President sponsors Caddell and is exposed to his findings and advice but has not been a client in a paying or formal sense since 1976.

Caddell and his Cambridge Survey Research, Inc., did some polling and analysis for the Committee in 1977 and early 1978. He and his company did no work for the Committee during the critical summer and fall pre-election period this year, for several reasons. There were no nationwide candidates. State and congressional candidates generally commissioned their own polls. DNC Chairman John White therefore saw no compelling need for national polling. White House assistants Hamilton Jordan and Tim Kraft, with whom Caddell works and to whom he looks for guidance in such matters, agreed. Money also was a consideration. Although the DNC has reduced the nine million dollar debt it inherited from the 1968 Hubert Humphrey and Robert Kennedy campaigns to around two million dollars, it is still basically strapped. Chairman White committed most of the available cash from current contributions to needy candidates, of whom there were plenty. None was left for Caddell. The DNC paid off its

substantial 1976 debt to him months after it was due. The Committee still owes him \$225,000 for his 1977 and early 1978 surveys and counsel. Caddell's loyalty and obligation to Jimmy Carter do not extend to financing expensive polls out of Caddell's own funds. He holds a White House pass and is in and out of the White House. He is in frequent consultation with Jordan, Kraft, communications director Gerald Rafshoon, Press Secretary Jody Powell, and other Carter staff politicians, and in occasional consultation with Carter. Indirectly for them and directly for the DNC, Caddell will be doing more polling and analysis when the required cash is in hand or prospect. Among the subjects of his inquiry and analysis will be Carter's personal standing, public belief or disbelief in his anti-inflation program and the impact upon Democrats of the President's proclaimed budget squeeze on many traditional Democratic social programs and objectives.

Two assistants who are much involved in these matters and in their effect upon the Carter presidency are Powell and Rafshoon. A very vague line separates Powell's functions and responsibilities as press secretary from Rafshoon's as communications director. Conflict might have resulted. So far as this outsider can discern, none has. Rafshoon is making administration dignitaries beginning with the President himself available to the media and particularly to television on a munificent scale. The question is which senior White House assistants and Cabinet members will appear on which TV panel shows on which Sunday, not whether they will be available. They are beginning to run out of anything worth saying or hearing.

The Rafshoon promotion effort presumably had some bearing on two rather odd remarks that Carter made at the end of a PBS television interview with Bill Moyers, the Baptist clergy's and the late Lyndon Johnson's gift to the electronic media, on November 13. Carter said that two "unpleasant surprises" to him as President were "the inertia of Congress" and "the irresponsibility of the press." How either the slow pace of legislation or irritating and often mistaken news reports could have surprised a President who had spent four contentious years as governor of Georgia is mystifying. The President blamed past "irresponsibility" and "serious distortion of the news" partly upon "my relative inaccessibility and by the lack of knowledge on my part of the press and vice versa." Hamilton Jordan said afterward that he'd never before heard Carter speak of "the irresponsibility of the press" and didn't know what if anything had precipitated the observation. Still speaking of himself and "the press," Carter said that "in the last few months we've taken steps to make sure that we understand each other better, so that I and my Cabinet members have an ability to present facts clearer to the American people through the press." I don't notice all that improvement and I doubt that Powell and Rafshoon do, either.

Powell has benefitted in various ways from the broadening of the White House communications function and his sharing of it with Rafshoon. An improvement in his temper was noted recently in this column and, inevitably, proved to be intermittent. During a Carter campaign flight to Tennessee, reporters aboard the President's plane irritated Powell by asking him whether the President enjoyed supporting a Democratic candidate for the Senate who was denouncing the Panama Canal treaties and opposing Republican Senate leader Howard Baker, who had saved the treaties by voting for them. "I'm not back here to play grab ass with you," Powell retorted in his best South Georgia idiom. He and reporters fell into a stupid argument on the same flight over whether a White House assistant briefing on unquotable "background" should be identified in a pool report to the general press party. Powell rightly insisted that custom required identification and wrongly withheld the report until it was rewritten to suit him in this minor respect.

On the plus side—assuming that Powell is a plus for the President and for the nation—he has more time than he used to have to join substantive policy discussions and participate in substantive decisions. More often than in the first year of the administration, the inquirer hears of Powell arguing this way or that, being for one position and against another in policy arguments that the President resolves. Powell wisely prefers to have it believed that he's more involved in communicating and justifying Carter decisions than in shaping them. A recent and important example he'd just as soon remain unreported: he argued strongly with the President and others for the announcement of a specific 1980 budget deficit target. He thought he and others of that persuasion had won, and he was dismayed when the President temporarily shifted to a general rather than a specific statement while Powell was out of town. He was pleased when congressional leaders conferred with Carter on the day of his anti-inflation speech and persuaded him to go back to the specific—"30 billion or less"—that Powell and Secretary of the Treasury Blumenthal, among others, had advocated all along. Budget director James T. McIntyre Jr., who had preferred a general statement, was with Carter after the meeting with the congressional leaders and acceded to the specific pledge.

A nagging worry for Powell, Rafshoon and the President himself has been syndicated columnist Jack Anderson's effort since September to justify his allegation, since diluted but never withdrawn, that Hamilton Jordan and Carter's friend and mentor, Atlanta lawyer Charles Kirbo, were involved in a criminal effort to buy Carter's intervention in behalf of the fugitive and indicted financier, Robert Vesco. On November 10 the *Atlanta Constitution*, the newspaper in all the world that still matters most to Carter and his Georgians, reported that the documents on which

Anderson based his original allegations against Jordan and Kirbo included "a letter allegedly written and signed by President Jimmy Carter." *Constitution* columnist Bill Shipp wrote that Anderson concluded that the letter was a fake and never reported that he had it. Anderson said November 15 that he had indeed concluded but had never proved that the letter was a fake. He said it was *not* one of the documents on which he based his allegations against Jordan and Kirbo. He has reported that the sources of those documents admitted to him that they were "reconstructed" from lost originals.

John Osborne

Art for art's sake,
but this is ridiculous.

Poetry Cornered

One thousand five hundred fifty poets are listed in the latest directory issued by Poets & Writers, Inc., a New York "clearinghouse" devoted to the poetry business. One only has to dial their toll-free number to locate one of these 1550 poets on a moment's notice. Other services include advice on how to deal with publishers, editors and agents; the announcement of awards and grants; reports on various activities in "the trade"; and arranging for young writers to participate in Poetry in the Schools (referred to in *CODA: Poets & Writers Newsletter* by the unfortunate acronym PITS), a program that involves teaching poetry to high school students. *CODA* is devoted, in effect, to what one candid poet I know likes to call "the poetry hustle": how to thrive as a poet on doubtful talent and with virtually no hope of acquiring either a readership or a reputation.

One need not produce the customary citation from Tocqueville about the perils that beset culture in a democracy to speculate that 1550 seems like a large number of poets in any society, especially in one that values poetry as little as ours does. A deplorable legacy of the modernist revolution inaugurated by the *Cantos* and *The Waste Land* has been the impression that free verse is indeed free, that poetry is a form of self-expression potentially available to everyone. After all, the language—unlike music or painting—is in common use, and no special instruments are necessary. No longer troubled by the demands of prosody or the rules of versification, imagining the deceptively plainspoken poems of William Carlos Williams to mean that any subject—or none—will do, thousands of aspiring poets have rushed to declaim their feelings in pamphlets,

little magazines, anthologies, and occasional slender volumes sponsored by New York publishing houses to exonerate themselves before the tribunal of high culture. "Everyone is welcome!" proclaim posters advertising the Nature Theatre of Oklahoma in Kafka's *Amerika*. "If you want to be an artist, join our company!"

In just this spirit, a whole culture known as "the small press world" has sprung up in startling profusion. Thousands of journals, broadsides and mimeographed newsletters are printed across the land: *Dark Horse*, *Zeugma*, *Mulch*, *Blue Pig*, *Big Deal*—and these are the established periodicals. Yet the poets who publish there, like birds that communicate among themselves through codes and songs indecipherable to non-avian species, closely monitor each other's work. *Margins*, *The Small Press Review*, and *Contact II* feature reports on "the poetry scene" and the reviews of small press books that refer to poets, schools and traditions apparently known to regular readers. Of a pamphlet entitled *Diet Pepsi & Nacho Cheese*, by someone called Nila north sun, published by the Duck Down Press in Fallon, Nevada, a reviewer remarks that he "first came across her work" in *Sun Tracks*, and compares her to "Koertge and Locklin." Reading these journals, one experiences a sensation that must be familiar to the scientist when he focuses his microscope and a swarm of cells leaps suddenly into view: the sheer spectacle of so much hidden, invisible, complex life is astonishing.

This profusion of poetry flourishes in a climate of enthusiasm. The philistine's question—but is it poetry?—is considered rude. Established writers and editors profess to be heartened by the growth of the small presses. The National Endowment for the Humanities contributes funds. But are the poems published in these journals ever read? "Nothing is so difficult and unwelcome as to write without a confidence of finding readers," Shelley complained to Thomas Love Peacock. Contemporary American poets have solved this problem by making poetry a "lifestyle" with workshops, conferences, poetry buses and readings that make a larger following superfluous. Poetry has become just one more of the many therapies available. "I haven't been able to find a poetry group here like the one I had in San Francisco," a woman who had just come East complained to me.

Nor is this attitude confined to the poetry Underground. How different, after all, are the strident, self-obsessed poems displayed in obscure Greenwich Village pamphlets from the poetry of Diane Wakoski? I have just been reading her 17th book, *The man who shook hands*. In a "Love Poem to Leon Edel & Ross MacDonald" that no doubt would embarrass these gentlemen, the author describes a sort of epiphany through which she discovered that she was "afraid of [her] own feelings": "Writing about reality had put me out of touch with them. / Feelings are not part of reality." This is the language of self-help manuals, not of poetry. Yet Miss Wakoski is published by a prominent New York firm,

her work is represented in *The New Oxford Book of American Verse*, she has taught and read at many universities, and won many prizes. To quote Francis Jeffrey's terse lead in a review of Wordsworth's *The Excursion*: "This will not do."

That such poetry gets published would not matter, I suppose, if universities didn't conspire to encourage it through programs in creative writing, the awarding of masters degrees in fine arts, poetry majors for undergraduates: a whole academic apparatus designed to promote successive waves of poets whose accomplishments and knowledge of poetry are often astonishingly primitive. One instructor at Harvard told me about a student in a program called the "writing option"—his thesis was a manuscript of poems—who confessed to the board of examiners at his orals that he had never read *Four Quartets*. Awarded an honors degree nonetheless, he reminded his tutor: "I'm in a writing program." Still, what is one to expect when the professors themselves find reading a superfluous activity? Marvin Bell, a director of the Creative Writing School at the University of Iowa and the author of several acclaimed volumes of poetry, confessed in a recent issue of *American Poetry Review* that he rarely enjoyed reading books.

"I was meant to write books, not to read them," Lionel Trilling once said. But what he meant as comic deflation of the writer's notorious ego has now become a genuine conviction among poets. *Antaeus*, one of the more impressive and influential literary journals, receives more than 1000 manuscripts a month, yet has fewer than 5000 subscribers. Publishers that sell a few hundred copies of their poets' books are deluged with submissions. "Poetry of merit is being written faster than we can ever read it," trumpets the editor of *Quickly Aging Here*, a rather ominously—and prophetically—titled anthology of younger poets published a few years back. One poetry editor I know proposed that new volumes of poetry should come with a coupon attached; every manuscript submitted to a publisher would have to be accompanied by three of these coupons, to verify that aspiring poets purchased others' books.

Nothing better illustrates this habit of impatience and insularity than two literary genres of fairly recent invention: the blurb and the contributor's note. The limpid, ethereal prose that adorns so many new collections implies that poetry is elusive, ineffable, beyond the reach of ordinary language. Ben Belitt, who wrote his own blurb for his latest volume of poems, claims to be concerned with "the visible and invisible

manifestations of people, places, and things." But what, apart from its quasi-mystical aura, does this statement mean? It could hardly be a more inclusive credo. Muriel Rukeyser, introducing a portfolio of poets in *American Poetry Review*, announces that "the music of these poets is linked and strong." This is the rhetoric of sensibility; its vague intensity of feeling protects it from scrutiny and excuses it from meaning. The favorite word employed in these blurbs is "risk": "These poems are all risk," writes William Arrowsmith (who should know better) of Stephen Berg. "I know of no other poet who takes the risks that Laura Jensen does," vows Mark Strand on the jacket of her book. Still another poet is said by another poet to be concerned with "the moment of surfacing, when everything is known and everything is still at risk." But what is this risk? I suspect it is more a willingness to persist in working the hermetic, private mode of composition now in vogue than a quality of aesthetic daring.

The contributor's note has become virtually an art form in its own right. One suspects that more care is lavished upon these miniature autobiographies than upon the poems themselves. Fearful of being mistaken for mere aesthetes, poets have taken to celebrating both their worldliness—how many have shipped out on freighters, washed dishes, been construction workers—and their otherworldliness: "I write late at night"; "There is a wholeness of what we are that we will never know"; "I try to write out of the time & space I find myself in." The shared sensibility here is a defiant pose of contempt for "poetry" mingled with the delicate sickliness of decadence; the poet is supposed to seem at once a whimsical dreamer and an outlaw, Ernest Dowson and James Dean. The photograph, another feature prevalent in the new anthologies, provides a visual supplement to these mannerisms.

No doubt it is unfair to concentrate more on contributors' notes, blurbs, photographs—the paraphernalia of contemporary poetry—than on the poems themselves, but it is the anthologists and editors who foment one's interest in such matters. Apparently they have suffered few of the qualms Eliot had in mind when he remarked that "only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape these things." And I must confess that the faces in these photographs—the men hirsute and grim, the women pale and troubled—fascinate me. "How beautiful, O God!" exclaimed the Urdu poet Ghalib, "must have been some of the faces that lie hidden in the dust." But I do not mean to be facetious in suggesting that the poets' autobiographical notes now in fashion reveal more about the nature of human endeavor, the poignantly complicated longings and sensations experienced in every life, than the poems themselves do.

Sensitivity alone will not achieve a poem. That is art's intransigent character—to be available only to those with a particular talent for it; and there is no reason to suppose that this last commodity is any less rare now

Next Week:

The Snowbelt's Answer to Jerry Brown.

than it has ever been. Moreover, the conviction that they are different from other people estranges these poets from any significant audience. For all the supposed obscurity and density of reference in their work, Stevens the insurance executive and Eliot the bank clerk addressed themselves to a readership that shared their cultural assumptions. The romantic idea of the poet, through its various refinements in symbolism and surrealism, has reached contemporary poets in some attenuated form, Keats's sense of the "egotistical sublime" become simply egotistical.

Yet a readership for poetry *does* exist—no doubt a small one, but no smaller than existed for poets in the past. Robert Lowell, John Berryman, Theodore Roethke, and Sylvia Plath acquired a considerable following, and so has John Ashbery, perhaps the most willfully opaque poet since Pound. And there are many other poets whose work is gradually becoming known to a wider audience: Louis Simpson, James Merrill, Philip Levine, James Wright, John Hollander—to mention only those I myself happen to admire. It is the responsibility of critics to declare what is of value among the crowd of new books published every year—not an easy matter, for they must first establish their own authority, then conquer the aversion to strenuous, unsparing criticism so common among reviewers now.

In the past, poets often have taken it upon themselves to ratify their own work by means of literary criticism. How few contemporary poets, by comparison, have worked at critical prose, a chore that occupied virtually every English and American poet from Dryden to Coleridge, from Arnold to Pound, Lowell, Ransom, Tate and other poets of that generation. And what little criticism more recent poets do publish is generally not of a very impressive order. The "statements on poetics" that appear in Donald Allen's influential anthology, *The New American Poetry*, tend to be no more than vatic pronouncements upon the nature of language.

Perhaps the very definition of poetry has altered. No longer an "art," a means of mastering the language, an effort to fix the qualities of our experience in some durable form, poetry has become informal, a local craft practiced by artisans known only among themselves. And like other dying crafts, vestiges of a vanished way of life, the poets must be subsidized by the government and universities in order to survive. This would explain why so few poets concern themselves any longer with whether they have an audience or not; coteries will satisfy their longing for recognition, and grants or teaching posts will support them.

But once the poets have been provided for, what will become of poetry? Will it become archaic, a curious



artifact like Shaker furniture, or will it simply proliferate like a thousand other commodities in America, its very availability diminishing its value until no one even troubles to notice it? I still believe that poetry represents, as Wordsworth supposed, "the image of man and nature," and trust that poets will

eventually return to the contemplation of those things.

James Atlas

James Atlas is the author of Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

But, Mama, the public isn't wearing any opinions.

The Public Opinion Hustle

by Stephen Chapman

When Pat Caddell first got into the polling business back in 1970 with a survey for Ohio gubernatorial candidate John Gilligan that earned him 18 cents an hour, he may have dreamed of making it big—working on presidential campaigns, having lots of clients all over the country, influencing the decisions of public officials, enjoying the life of a celebrity and, of course, making a lot of money. But surely nothing he could have dreamed only eight years ago, when he was still a 20-year-old Harvard undergraduate, could match what he's gotten in reality. After the Gilligan campaign—which his man won—Caddell and a couple of college buddies set up their own polling firm, Cambridge Survey Research. Their first important client was an almost unknown presidential candidate named George McGovern. McGovern's campaign manager Gary Hart (now a US senator from Colorado) hired Caddell for a piddling \$500 to conduct a poll of public opinion on various issues in New Hampshire. McGovern was impressed with Caddell's results. He later said, "I found an uncanny resemblance between what the public was telling him and what I was saying." McGovern signed Caddell on for the duration. Caddell made his share of mistakes, such as forecasting a lopsided McGovern victory over Hubert Humphrey in the California primary (Humphrey came very close to winning) and predicting a convergence between the constituencies of McGovern and George Wallace (a convergence that notably failed to materialize). And of course his advice didn't prevent McGovern's disastrous defeat. But a prominent failure can be more useful than an obscure success. The McGovern campaign gave Cambridge Survey Research the boost it needed. The firm got several important political clients in the 1974 con-

gressional races. And to keep himself busy during odd-numbered years, Caddell set up a separate company, Cambridge Reports, Inc., to handle clients in the business sector, mainly by selling them a quarterly national opinion survey costing each subscriber \$20,000 a year. Caddell's big break came in 1976, when he landed another near unknown presidential candidate named Jimmy Carter. Again, Caddell made his mistakes, like advising Carter to enter the Massachusetts primary (where he finished a dismal fourth, in what was probably the low point of Carter's campaign) and recommending for a speechwriting job a friend named Robert Shrum (who subsequently quit and denounced Carter), but they were all forgotten in the aftermath of Carter's narrow victory.

Caddell has gained a status most of his colleagues in the polling business must envy. He is the only non-Georgian in Carter's so-called inner circle. He attends weekly strategy meetings with Hamilton Jordan and can talk to the president whenever he needs to (according to Caddell, about once a month). His mingling with Washington's beautiful people—Aaron Latham, Leslie Stahl, Lauren Bacall, Liz Stevens, Carl Bernstein, Barbara Howar ("There's just no time when I don't have an extra potato to put in the soup for Pat") and Hugh Hefner's daughter—has made him a regular in the gossip columns. He drives a Mercedes and has two expensive homes in fashionable neighborhoods—one in Boston's Beacon Hill and one in Georgetown. His corporate clients include some of the nation's biggest companies and last year he and Carter media adviser Gerald Rafshoon (with whom he shares both his office and his house in Washington) signed up to handle the marketing research and publicity for Francis Ford Coppola's next movie, "Apocalypse Now." Caddell refuses to say how much his two firms gross each year or even to give a rough idea of how much they've grown since he hooked up with Jimmy Carter, but from all

With this issue, Stephen Chapman joins *The New Republic* as a staff writer. Besides *TNR*, he has written frequently for *The Washington Monthly*, *Texas Monthly* and *Inquiry*.

accounts, his business is booming.

Pat Caddell is smart, but his success is not entirely of his own making. He is part of a booming profession: the measurement and analysis of public opinion. Polls have been a crucial part of political campaigns for two decades, but only in the past few years has their use spread to newspapers, television networks and businesses of all sorts. Furthermore the nature of polling has changed. Pollsters no longer measure merely the popularity of political candidates, or popular preferences among toothpastes. They now claim—and Caddell has led the way in this shift—to produce much more general assessments of the national psyche, and to detect subtle changes in it. They have convinced politicians, lobbying organizations and private corporations that it is very important for them to know these things.

Success has brought Pat Caddell some unwanted scrutiny. In the last two years his business dealings have been criticized and his personal integrity questioned. By Washington standards it's pretty mild stuff—a couple of columns each by Jack Anderson and William Safire, an item in *The Village Voice*—but Caddell has reacted with vehement defensiveness. The most prominent criticism has been for his dealings with the Saudi Arabia Information Office, which signed a contract with Cambridge Reports only a few days after Jimmy Carter won the New Hampshire primary, raising vague questions about possible influence-peddling by Caddell and buying access to the White House by the Saudis. To his critics, it looked as though Caddell was selling influence with Jimmy Carter.

The New American Hustler

America is still the land of opportunity, but the opportunities have changed somewhat under conditions of what some call "late capitalism." This is the fourth in an occasional series of articles examining new opportunities for riches created by the post-industrial age and the mixed economy.

Modern entrepreneurs are likely to share three characteristics in contrast to their counterparts a century ago. First, what they are selling tends to be more amorphous and ephemeral, and several steps removed from the production of goods and services that add directly to the national prosperity. Second, they often depend on the existence of a large government sector, either as a customer or as a generator of the need for their services. Third, the new American hustlers are likely to be politically liberal, perhaps because their prosperity depends on the society the liberal vision has created.

Caddell denies that he is doing anything of the sort, and there is no reason to think he's lying. No one has turned up any evidence that he has ever intervened with Carter on behalf of a client; no doubt if he did, the president would quickly put him in his place. But Caddell's defensiveness goes beyond the charge of influence-peddling: he bristles at the slightest implication that his business has profited at all from the Carter connection. When I interviewed him, my first question was how much the two firms had expanded since 1976. "Well, I can see where this is going," he said with apparent disgust, and proceeded to insist that the expansion (which is hardly a secret) was the product of plans made, money invested, and risks taken long before anyone had heard of Carter. He refuses, however, to give any figures on how much his business has grown. "It's a privately held corporation and it's nobody's business," he said.

Caddell also refuses to reveal the identity of his clients, admitting only that the lists that have appeared in published reports are substantially accurate. Among those subscribers to Cambridge Reports, past and present, are Exxon, Amoco, Atlantic Richfield, Shell, Sun Oil, Ford Motor Company, Federated Department Stores, Westinghouse, Belk's Department Stores, Sears Roebuck, Aetna Life Insurance, United Bank of Colorado, the First Bank System of Minneapolis and the American Retail Federation. The Saudis paid for *Cambridge Reports*, plus \$50,000 extra for Caddell's personal interpretations for them of American popular opinion. This year Caddell's political clients included a couple of dozen candidates such as senators Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire, Wendell Anderson of Minnesota, Floyd Haskell of Colorado, Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and William Hathaway of Maine. Caddell also drafts questionnaires for spot polls by syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, an arrangement that goes back to 1973. This year Caddell's political work has gone international: he and Republican political consultant John Deardourff have teamed up to assist the campaign of Venezuelan presidential candidate Diego Arrias.

Caddell's objections notwithstanding, examining the motives of his corporate and lobbying clients is perfectly legitimate. Most likely these motives are of several sorts. Surely some of them think that doing business with Pat Caddell will provide them some sort of influence in the White House, and maybe Caddell lets them think that at least as long as they don't ask him to actually do anything on their behalf. But there is no evidence to suggest that he has ever lobbied for a client; the only proven charge that comes even close to this is that Caddell, given the chance to choose the new US census director, picked Manuel Plotkin, who as a Sears executive had urged that the company hire Cambridge Reports. Any company hiring Caddell to protect its interests at the White House is wasting its money.

Even if they have no delusions that he will influence

the president on their behalf, the fact that Caddell is a close presidential advisor is a big drawing card for other clients. This is partially explained by the simple psychology that causes other people to pay thousands of dollars to have Billy Carter visit their county fairs. It must be very pleasing for corporate executives to be able to tell their peers (or corporate lobbyists their clients), "Pat Caddell is giving us some very interesting stuff. . . ." For politicians, hiring Pat Caddell provides immediate credibility with journalists (who may be his friends) and wealthy potential contributors. The fact that the "stuff" itself is so hard to evaluate makes it especially important that, whatever it is, President Carter thinks highly of it.

The Carter connection is useful on a more practical level in attracting clients who may not think Caddell will get their views to Carter, but may hope he'll help get Carter's views to them. After all, he is selling them an alleged sense of the national mood and where it is going. Isn't it reasonable for potential clients to suppose that someone who is in and out of the White House every day will have a better handle on this amorphous commodity than someone who isn't?

Of course Caddell's clients also are hiring him for the information and analysis he provides. It's clear why his political clients want this service; it's less clear why his corporate clients do. Pre-election polls serve a concrete and obvious purpose in a political campaign; furthermore, their value can be assessed on election day. The information Caddell supplies to corporations is neither obviously useful nor verifiable.

Lately Caddell's record for accuracy in electoral polling has suffered. In this month's New Hampshire Senate race, according to *The Washington Post*, a mid-October Caddell poll had McIntyre leading his Republican opponent Gordon Humphrey by a 59-to-30 margin, with nothing to suggest any potential change by Election Day. McIntyre, thus reassured of his invulnerability, got beaten. (Caddell pleaded that the New Hampshire poll was conducted by volunteers and not by "professionals.") Caddell also muffed the Colorado race: he said it was too close to call, but Haskell lost by a large margin.

Corporate clients, by contrast, have no way to tell if the information they get from Caddell has any relation at all to reality. Each issue of *Cambridge Reports* has hundreds of pages of survey questions and the responses from 1500 people, along with breakdowns (according to such criteria as race, sex, age, income and the like) and sweeping interpretations based on comparisons with past results. Ostensibly it provides a comprehensive picture of complicated developments in public opinion, the idea being that corporations require such information if, in the words of a Caddell brochure, "they are to formulate policy and plan effectively." But none of Caddell's clients, when asked, could point to any specific decisions reached on the basis of informa-

tion provided by Cambridge Reports. "They don't tell us what to do tomorrow," said Eric Weiss of Sun Oil, "but they do tell us about attitudes, values and opinions about oil companies." Most corporate officials answer questions about the value of the reports as if they're reading from a Caddell solicitation. "You use these things to see what the public is thinking, what your problems are, to help in planning," says a spokesman for one oil company. Others, like Exxon, refuse to discuss the value of Caddell's work. Another client, who declines to be identified, says, "It's not so much for specific applications. The applications are much too complicated to explain to somebody who doesn't know anything about the business, like yourself. I don't have the time to educate you."

This last quotation is the most valuable kind of publicity Caddell can get. It wraps his service in a shroud of mystery that conceals its essential uselessness. All pollsters profit from the belief among laymen that they have keys to understanding the public's thinking that no one else has, and from a technical-sounding jargon that confers a scientific status on their work. But no one has exploited this appeal more than Caddell, whose reputation for first-rate work stems not from his rigorous methodology (many experts and pollsters say Caddell's surveys are poorly conceived and sloppily worded) but from his celebrated talent for interpreting the results. Admirers say he has unrivalled insights in public opinion. "Pat has a way of putting numbers together in ways you'd never think of," says one. "Caddell is the kind of guy who wouldn't need data to be good," says another, in an unwitting revelation.

Caddell's close association with President Carter clearly helps him to attract other clients, whatever their particular motives may be. Yet Carter and Caddell have arranged things so that Caddell needn't meet the financial disclosure requirements Carter imposes on his other close advisers (none of whom, of course, have anywhere near as much to disclose as Caddell has). Caddell technically is not a White House employee: his work for Carter is paid for by the Democratic National Committee out of a special White House political fund of \$40,000 a month, of which Caddell gets roughly a third. But Caddell has a White House pass and confers frequently with Hamilton Jordan, Jody Powell, and of course his pal Rafshoon—all of whom, being government employees, have to file financial disclosure statements. For all intents and purposes, Caddell works for Carter, if only part-time. In refusing to require Caddell to meet the same high standards as everyone else at the White House—and Carter has insisted on disclosures well beyond what is required by law—the president is hiding behind a technicality. This is a rather foolish thing to do with a self-imposed requirement intended to make the Carter White House look like Caesar's wife. The exception more or less defeats the whole exercise.

Even if Caddell does no lobbying for his clients, there are good reasons for requiring him to make their names public. In many cases, there are inevitable pressures and conflicts between what the president asks of him and what might serve the interests of his client. Any advice he might give Carter on public attitudes about American policy toward the Middle East, for example, could be colored by his work for the Saudis—even though unintentionally. That is not to say that he shouldn't be allowed to advise the president; only that the public should be informed of the potential problems Caddell might have in doing so. He defends his refusal to reveal who has hired him for what and how much they pay by comparing his relationship with each client to the confidential understanding between a lawyer and a client, or between a journalist and an anonymous source. But Caddell's secrecy applies only to the public at large. Like most pollsters, he feels no reluctance about revealing the identity of his clients to other prospective clients.

Caddell also defends his practice of secrecy by asserting that he provides nothing more than objective information to his business clients, that he doesn't closely advise them as he does President Carter. This may be true, but it differs from what he tells potential customers themselves. "Cambridge Reports . . . believes that survey research must deliver action-oriented analysis," says a company brochure. "Cambridge Reports is only satisfied with a project if it provides the client with strategies for action." Put simply, Caddell instructs firms how to accomplish what they want, which is something different from merely providing information. When asked how he reconciled the claim in his brochure with his more limited characterization of the service, Caddell said: "Our basic service is information and analysis. That brochure is old and we haven't replaced it." Asked why not, Caddell said printing a new one would be too expensive.

The quarterly *Cambridge Report* itself promises much more than it delivers. It publishes the results of a survey consisting of hundreds of questions, divided into several categories such as consumer plans, general "mood" of the public and political views on a variety of matters. It also offers ample evidence for the assertion by some of Caddell's competitors that his surveys suffer from carelessly framed questions (I would offer examples but he allowed me to examine a copy on the strict condition that I not quote from it.) Moreover, the report routinely draws sweeping conclusions from minor shifts in percentages. The statistical margin of error for a sample of 1500 is about three percent either way, meaning that if 50 percent of the respondents in a representative sampling answer one way, then the precise percentage for the general population would fall somewhere between 47 and 53 percent. But Caddell frequently interprets changes of two or three percent as evidence of changing views, when in fact the change is statistically insignificant—in other words, totally

meaningless. More surprising is his even more careless interpretation of changes in the responses of smaller subgroups (such as people over 65 or people making from \$13-14,999 a year). The report only tells the subscribers what percentages of those responding answered in different ways to various questions; it doesn't mention how many people fall into each category. But since any such subgroup—old people, minorities, etc.—is even smaller than the total sample, the statistical margin of error is even greater. Nevertheless, the report also interprets differences among the subgroups of only two or three percentage points as evidence of perceptibly different attitudes, when again in statistical terms they mean nothing at all. (Caddell says he started to attend a statistics course once at Harvard, but quickly gave it up as a waste of time.)

Overinterpretation from statistically insignificant changes in his samples isn't mere sloppiness on Caddell's part. It goes to the essence of his scam. He and other pollsters have convinced corporations and lobbying groups and foreign governments that there is this multilayered object called public opinion, that it is subject to constant subtle shifts that only pollsters can detect, and that knowing the shape of this object and how it is changing is crucial to functioning in modern society.

The truth about new-style polls like those in *Cambridge Reports* is that they create this thing called public opinion. Traditional pre-election surveys ask exactly what a voter will do when he is required to make a choice and give him two or three unambiguous options. Normally these polls are limited either to registered voters or to those people who say they intend to vote, thus winnowing out a lot of people who have no considered opinion. Surveys like those in *Cambridge Reports*, on the other hand, demand to know people's views on subjects that most have never even considered before: whether farmers or food processors should be most blamed for high food prices; or whether or not there should be a government energy corporation. In effect, the pollster is asking people what their opinion would be if they had one. Then he takes this "information" to the food processors or the farmers (or both) as a demonstration of powerful popular forces that can affect their planning. (At this point the corporation or lobbying group or foreign government is persuaded to hire an image fixer like Gerald Rafshoon to help change the numbers around, but that is another hustle.)

That Pat Caddell could turn a vague desire to know what people think into a thriving business with clients including some of the wealthiest corporations in the world testifies to his skill as a salesman. Caddell, with the help of dozens of other pollsters, has manufactured a spurious and largely useless commodity, dressed it up in the jargon of science and business, and parlayed a few

glamorous clients into fame, power and wealth. His arrangement has the mark of genius: one day he labors to elect a liberal Democrat who will expand the control of the government over big corporations, and the next he advises big corporations on how to manipulate

public opinion to protect themselves against further extensions of this control. The more successful he is at the one, the more his help will be needed by the other. Somebody is being had, either the public or his clients. Pat Caddell insists it isn't the public.

Cheer number one for meddlesome bureaucrats.

Regulation that Works

by Steven Kelman

The last decade has seen dramatic restrictions in the freedom of action society chooses to allow to business firms. A series of laws in areas like environmental protection, occupational safety and health, consumer product safety and equal opportunity has restricted the prerogatives of business firms to pursue production, hiring and marketing practices that would have continued without these laws. Business and conservatives have now launched a counterattack against these changes. Cleverly exploiting various popular resentments, the counterattacking forces seek to lump "excessive government regulation" together with themes as diverse as high taxes and school busing to generate an all-embracing demand to "get the government out of our hair." To hear the critics of the new government regulatory programs tell it, nothing less fundamental than our very freedom is at stake in the battle against meddlesome bureaucrats. And now, with national concern over inflation growing, we are being told that the new regulatory programs are an important cause of the increased cost of living, and must be reduced for that reason as well.

One fact it is important to get clear from the beginning is that the alleged popular ground swell against government regulation of business does not exist. A recent Louis Harris survey asked Americans, "In the future, do you think there should be more government regulation of business, less government regulation, or the same amount there is now?" By 53 percent to 30 percent, those polled favored either more regulation or the same amount as now, over less regulation. In fact, almost as many respondents (24 percent) favored more regulation as favored less regulation (30 percent). Repeated polls have shown wide popular support for measures to make workplaces

safe, and to clean up the environment.

This absence of any ground swell against the new regulatory thrust of the last decade is reassuring, because the conservative and business counterattack is, I believe, largely wrong. New regulatory programs neither threaten freedom nor contribute significantly to inflation. On the whole, the new regulation is a good thing. Certainly there have been excesses by bureaucrats, but what is more impressive than these excesses is the unfinished work the new agencies still have before them to deal with the injustices that prompted their creation in the first place.

There are two kinds of activities often lumped together as "government regulation." When denouncing the "costs of government regulation," opponents of the new regulatory agencies tend to forget this distinction. An older generation of liberals, fond of asserting that regulatory agencies always get captured by those they regulate, also ignore this distinction.

Most of the regulatory agencies established before the last decade were set up to regulate prices and conditions of entry in various industries. The grandfather of such agencies was the Interstate Commerce Commission, established in 1887 to regulate railroads. There is a lively dispute among historians about whether the ICC, when it was established, was an attempt to tame a powerful and oppressive industry, or a government-sanctioned effort by the railroads themselves to set up a cartel to avoid price competition. It is much clearer, however, that other agencies regulating market conditions in various industries, such as the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Communications Commission, were originally established at the behest of industries seeking to avoid "excessive" competition. These agencies, by maintaining artificially high prices in various industries, have been very costly to consumers and to the economy as a whole. But you do not hear the voices of business

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complaining about them. Indeed, when proposals are made to deregulate surface transportation, airlines, or television, the main opponents of such proposals have been the industries being "regulated."

The situation is very different, both politically and conceptually, for the regulatory agencies—which have blossomed especially during the last decade—intended to regulate non-market behavior by business firms. Usually they regulate acts that injure third parties. These "social" regulatory agencies include the Environmental Protection Agency, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the National Highway Transportation Safety Board, the Consumer Product Safety Commission, and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. These agencies generally came into being despite genuine business resistance. Business representatives certainly have ample opportunity to participate in developing the regulations these agencies promulgate, but there are other organized constituencies interested in their work as well (environmentalists at EPA, trade unions at OSHA, civil rights and women's groups at EEOC, for instance). Few reasonable people believe the social regulatory agencies have been "captured" by business—least of all, as the current attacks demonstrate, business itself.

The conceptual basis for the social regulatory agencies also is different from that of agencies intended to limit or replace the free market. In any society, one of the basic tasks of government and the legal system is to decide which acts of individuals are so harmful to others that they cannot be freely permitted (and which harmful acts may rightfully be performed, even though others are indeed harmed). A common dictum has been that people may act freely as long as their actions concern only themselves: "My freedom to move my arm ends where your face begins." But clearly this dictum is unsatisfying. Virtually everything we do affects others. Even acts as trivial as appearing at work with a blue shirt, or consuming a bottle of Perrier water in a public place, injure the person who despises the color blue, or who is offended to see people buy products from France. Anything we do that damages our own welfare hurts those who hold us dear. What the legal system must do is to determine *which* acts affecting others should be allowed, and which should be proscribed. The social regulatory agencies are engaged in this age-old task. There is nothing conceptually new about their activities. What *is* new is that they have redefined certain acts by business firms previously regarded as acceptable, and determined that they are henceforth unacceptable.

Government has never left businessmen "unregulated," as business spokesmen now wistfully, but erroneously, imagine. The voluminous case and statute law of property, contracts and torts along with large chunks of the criminal law, comprise an elaborate system—far more complex and intricate than any

OSHA standard—regulating acts that injure property holders, as well as acts by property holders that injure others. A starving person does not have the freedom to injure a rich man by appropriating the rich man's money in order to buy food. People do not have the freedom to injure a landowner by trespassing on his land. (Richard Posner, a professor of law at the University of Chicago, argues that traditional commonlaw rules merely reproduce what would have occurred through market transactions, if the costs of negotiating such transactions were not too high, and that modern social regulations, by contrast, subvert expected market outcomes. Even if this statement were true, and it is subject to much debate, it is still not obvious why legal rules *ought* to mimic the outcomes of market transactions.) Furthermore, the process by which these older rules were elucidated and enforced through litigation was much more cumbersome and arbitrary than the rulemaking of today's regulatory agencies.

The plethora of regulations regarding property that has grown up over the centuries is not some sort of natural order, onto which new regulations of business behavior in areas like safety, health, environmental protection, consumer fraud, and discrimination represent an unnatural intrusion. As long as the regulations were restricting the freedom of non-property-holders to injure *them*, businessmen raised no chorus of complaints about an oppressive government stifling freedom. The chorus of complaints from business has begun only as regulations have begun increasingly to restrict the freedom of business firms to injure others.

The harms that social regulations of the last decade were intended to curb were not insignificant. Urban air had become unhealthy as well as unpleasant to breathe. Rivers were catching on fire. Many working people were dying from exposure to chemicals on their jobs. Firms were selling products of whose hazards consumers were ignorant. And the nation faced a legacy of racial and sexual discrimination. Frequently the harm was borne disproportionately by the more disadvantaged members of society, while the more advantaged produced the harm. The social regulation of the past decade grew largely, then, out of a sense of fairness—a view that people, frequently disadvantaged people, were being victimized by others in unacceptable ways.

The impact of the new agencies in alleviating these injuries has begun to be felt. Racial and sexual discrimination have decreased, partly thanks to broader social trends, but partly thanks to government efforts. There has been a vast increase in the amount of information manufacturers are required to tell consumers about their products, and surveys indicate that many consumers use this information in making purchasing decisions.

Since the much-maligned OSHA and its sister agency regulating coal mining safety have come into existence,

the number of accidental workplace deaths has been cut almost in half. Worker exposures to harmful amounts of coal dust and chemicals like vinyl chloride, asbestos and lead have been reduced, and this will reduce the toll of occupational sickness and death in the years to come. Improvements in emergency medical care and some changes in workforce composition since 1970 may be partially responsible for the dramatic reduction in workplace deaths. But today's figures don't even reflect the reduction in deaths due to occupational disease, which will be felt mainly in future years because of the frequently lengthy period separating exposure to harmful levels of a chemical and death or illness due to that exposure.

Environmental regulation has produced significant improvements in the quality of air in the United States. (Without regulation the situation would have gotten worse because economic growth tends to increase the level of pollution. Carbon monoxide levels in eight representative cities declined 46 percent between 1972 and 1976. Carbon monoxide levels that had been found in urban air were enough to increase the incidence of heart attacks and of painful angina attacks among people with heart disease. There has been a major decline in heart attack deaths in the United States during the 1970s. No one yet knows why, but I predict that studies will show that improvement in air quality has played a role in this decline. Another common air pollutant, sulfur dioxide, which definitely causes respiratory illness and death and is suspected of causing cancer, has now declined to a point where almost every place in the country is in compliance with EPA standards.

Water pollution has been reduced as well. There are rivers and lakes around the country—from the Pemigewasset River in New Hampshire through the Mohawk River in New York to the Willamett River in Oregon—previously badly polluted, that are now opened in parts for fishing and swimming. Levels of various pesticides in streams and rivers, as well as of phenol—an organic waste considered a good indicator of the presence of toxic industrial wastes—have declined dramatically during the 1970s.

Lives have been saved by other regulatory actions. The introduction of childproof containers on household poisons appears to have reduced accidental poisoning significantly. Highway deaths declined by almost 15 percent between 1965 and 1972, even before the post-OPEC speed limit reductions. Some of this decline may be due to factors other than new auto safety regulations, such as fewer teenagers on the roads. But the decline in traffic fatalities has occurred despite an enormous increase in the number of bicycle and motorcycle fatalities caused by the new popularity of these vehicles.

The critics ask: have the benefits outweighed the costs? Are they feeding inflation, for example?

Allegations that health, safety, environmental and antidiscrimination regulations are a major cause of inflation are little short of grotesque. Much of the business thunder about regulation begins by citing some overall figure for the "cost of regulation," and then goes on to zero in on agencies like OSHA and EPA. These agencies are chosen, however, only because business dislikes them especially, not because they are major contributors to the "cost of regulation." Most of the cost of regulation is imposed by the market-fixing agencies, like the ICC, that the business world likes. Murray Weidenbaum, director of the Center for the Study of American Business and an adjunct scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, estimated that in 1976 federal regulation in the areas he examined cost \$62.3 billion to comply with. But of this sum, approximately \$26 billion—or 42 percent—was the estimated impact on consumer prices of tariff protection against imports and of price and entry regulations by the ICC, CAB and FCC. (The largest figure in this category was the cost of ICC regulation of transportation.) Another \$18 billion—29 percent of the estimated total cost—represented the alleged cost of federal paperwork. Certainly there are plenty of pointless federal paperwork requirements. But few of these relate to what would normally be thought of as "government regulation." Much federal paperwork takes the form of reports for statistical purposes and of requirements for federal contractors or other citizens receiving federal benefits.

Only five percent of Weidenbaum's estimated total—\$3.2 billion in 1976—was spent on complying with OSHA regulations. Another \$7.8 billion allegedly was spent to comply with EPA regulations—less than 13 percent of the total. (Weidenbaum also estimated a \$3.7 billion retail cost for auto safety and emissions requirements.)

Even these modest figures do not reflect the direct savings that result from some of these regulations. The actual monetary cost of pollution abatement measures, for example, is the cost to firms of capital equipment, energy and maintenance, *minus* the savings in medical bills, damaged crops, premature corrosion of property, laundering expenses, and so forth, that would otherwise be borne by victims of pollution. Most accounts of the "inflationary impact" of government regulation do not calculate such savings.

More fundamentally, these estimates of the "cost" of regulation ignore widespread benefits that do not have a direct monetary value, but are real nonetheless. In the case of pollution control, for example, the air smells a bit better for five million people; 100,000 people get to see mountains in the distance which they would not have seen had the air not been as clean; and 50 lives are saved. There is no way of objectively determining whether these non-priced benefits justify the net monetary costs. Economists have come up with different ways to assign dollar values to benefits like

clean air that are not traded on markets, which would then allow us to weigh all the benefits against all the more concrete costs. But there are philosophical difficulties, as well as technical ones, with these efforts.

In deciding whether a given act that injures a third party should be allowed, one relevant factor is how much a third party suffers as a result of the behavior, as compared to the benefits the perpetrator gains from the behavior. The greater the benefit, and the more inconsequential the injury suffered by the third party, the stronger the case is to allow the behavior to be exercised freely.

But since the costs of injury are borne by its victims, while its benefits are reaped by its perpetrators, simple cost-benefit calculations may be less important than more abstract conceptions of justice, fairness and human dignity. We would not condone a rape even if it could be demonstrated that the rapist derived enormous pleasure from his actions, while the victim suffered in only small ways. Behind the conception of "rights" is the notion that some concept of justice, fairness or human dignity demands that individuals ought to be able to perform certain acts, despite the harm to others, and ought to be protected against certain acts, despite the loss this causes to the would-be perpetrators. Thus we undertake no cost-benefit analysis of the effects of freedom of speech or trial by jury before allowing them to continue. As the steelworkers union noted in commenting on an OSHA regulation of coke oven emissions, no analysis of its inflationary impact was performed before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. This notion of individual rights that supercedes a neutral cost-benefit analysis is ordinarily dear to the hearts of American conservatives. Yet when it comes to the regulation of business activities that intrude on the lives of individual consumers or workers, they perversely see the government regulation itself as an intrusion on individual rights.

The costs and benefits of the business behavior now coming under regulation have not been distributed randomly. Much of the new social regulation benefits more disadvantaged groups in society. To put it somewhat simply—but not, in my view, unfairly—those who argue, say, that OSHA should "go soft" on its health regulations in order to spare the country the burden of additional costs, are saying that some workers should die so that consumers can pay a few bucks less for the products they purchase, and stockholders can make a somewhat higher return on their investments. It is hard to see why workers exposed to health hazards should be at the front line of the battle against inflation, however the overall costs and benefits tally up.

There are, to be sure, those sudden friends of the poor who allege that environmental regulation has significantly added to unemployment, or who point out that regulation-induced price increases weigh most

heavily on the poor. But studies have concluded that, on balance, environmental legislation has probably created many more jobs than it has cost. And one must wonder whether there aren't more direct ways to help the poor than to eliminate the health, safety, and environmental regulations that slightly increase the cost of goods they buy.

(Some economists argue that workers are compensated for working at risky jobs by receiving risk premiums [higher pay]. To the extent this is true, occupational safety and health regulation amounts to in-kind benefits redistributed to workers, over and above what they are able to bargain for on the market. Some economists argue that workers themselves bear the primary cost of such regulations, in foregone wage increases in the long run. There is no real empirical evidence that safety regulations actually have this effect. But even if this *were* true, it would reduce the cost burden such regulations imposed on the economy, because the cost of the regulations would be counteracted by lower wages paid to workers.)

There is a final reason to doubt the calls to subject everything to cost-benefit analyses. Many of the benefits of social regulation, as noted earlier, have no ready dollar value because they are not traded on markets. To economists this is an unfortunate obstacle to analysis, and economists are forever scurrying around, trying to come up with measures of people's "willingness to pay" for clean-smelling air, living in a quiet environment, recreational benefits, or reduced risks of premature death. But the very fact that there is no dollar value assigned to those benefits is one reason many people celebrate them in a special way. Most reasonable people agree that there is a place for markets in society, but most reasonable people also agree that market relationships have their costs as well. Dealings in the market promote certain undesirable personal attitudes and interpersonal relationships. Few are even the economists (although there are some!) who would wish market relationships to dominate within families, or among friends. An obsession with the calculative mindset of market relationships and cost-benefit analyses would itself remove something of what is special about the social regulatory agencies as expressions of a desire to keep market relationships in their place.

None of this means that every regulation promulgated by social regulatory agencies in the last few years is justified. In some instances, as with some affirmative action requirements, regulations may have gone beyond their conceptual justifications. Affirmative action requirements may be an example. In other instances the administrative burden, the paperwork requirements or the monetary costs of regulating may be too great to justify the benefits, however real, received by those whom the regulations are intended to protect. Offhand, for example, it

appears to me that the costs of retrofitting older urban subway systems to accommodate the handicapped, only a small number of whom could be expected to use these systems anyway, appear unjustified, even though failure to retrofit does indeed injure some disadvantaged people. Questions like this should be considered case-by-case, but with sympathy for those people injured by the failure to regulate.

The thrust of the current movement against social regulation in the United States is a wish by the strong to regain prerogatives whose disappearance, for the most part, is one of the most welcome events of the past decade. Individual regulations can and should be criticized. But the assault on the concept of regulation must be resisted if we are to continue to be a decent people living in a decent society.

Cheer number two for meddlesome bureaucrats.

Feeding the Hungry

by Nick Kotz

"Wherever we went and wherever we looked," the doctors retorted, "we saw children in significant numbers who were hungry and sick, children for whom hunger is a daily fact of life, and sickness in many forms an inevitability. The children we saw were more than just malnourished. They were hungry, weak, apathetic. Their lives are being shortened. They are visibly and predictably losing their health, their energy, their spirits. They are suffering from hunger and disease, and directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what 'starvation' means."

The physicians were describing conditions not in Biafra or the Sahel, but right here in America in 1967. This bleak medical report by doctors sent around the nation by the Field Foundation and other investigations, concluding that 10 to 15 million Americans suffered from hunger or malnutrition, stimulated some of the largest social welfare programs of the Great Society. Until hunger developed into a political issue in the late 1960s, the federal government's food aid programs were modest and intended principally to help farmers get rid of excess food supplies without depressing prices. But since 1967, Congress has enacted more than a dozen food aid laws and now appropriates more than nine billion dollars annually to feed the poor.

In the conservative political climate of the late 1970s, however, the food programs, like many other Great Society initiatives, have come under attack as wasteful,

corrupt and ineffective. Clichés abound about "Welfare Mary" who signed up under a dozen different names for food stamps, or about well-dressed shoppers using food stamps for sirloin steak. But an evaluation of these programs shows that government efforts to feed the poor are working effectively and with relative efficiency. There is far less raw hunger in the United States than there was 10 years ago, and there has been progress in meeting the problems of malnutrition.

Last year the Field Foundation again dispatched doctors into the country's worst pockets of poverty. The Field medical team concluded:

... there are far fewer grossly malnourished people in this country today than there were ten years ago. Malnutrition has become a subtler problem. In the Mississippi Delta, in the coal fields of Appalachia and in coastal South Carolina—where visitors ten years ago could quickly see large numbers of stunted, apathetic children with swollen stomachs and the dull eyes and poorly healing wounds characteristic of malnutrition—such children are not to be seen in such numbers. ... This change does not appear to be due to an overall improvement in living standards or to a decrease in joblessness in those areas. In fact, the facts of life for Americans living in poverty remain as dark or darker than they were ten years ago. But in the area of food there is a difference. The food stamp program, the nutritional component of Head Start, school lunch and breakfast programs, and to a lesser extent the women-infant-children (WIC) feeding programs have made the difference.

The largest federal initiative has been the food stamp program. It has grown from a \$288 million budget serving 2.8 million people in 1968 to a five billion-dollar budget serving 15 million people today. Recent studies

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reveal that practically all food stamps go to people who need them the most. The Congressional Budget Office concluded that 87 percent of food stamp benefits go to families living below the poverty line, including several million people living on incomes less than what is needed to buy a decent amount of food alone. The CBO study also showed that food stamp benefits have lifted four million people above the poverty line, including several million working poor. In fact, food stamps are virtually the only government aid offered to the working poor.

Middle-class citizens also have benefited. When the unemployment rate rose above nine percent in 1974-75, participation in the food stamp program rose from 14 million to 19 million participants. In fact, food stamps today help more Americans than any other social program except social security.

A good sign that food stamps are going where they are most needed is the program's impact in the nation's worst pockets of poverty. In 1968, the Citizen's Board of Inquiry on Hunger and Malnutrition identified 256 "hunger counties" with high percentages of poor people, high infant mortality rates and weak or nonexistent food aid programs. A recent Agriculture Department study revealed that annual food aid expenditures per person in those "hunger counties" has increased over \$100 per person, from \$26 per person in 1969 to \$127 per person today, while the national average increase is only \$44. Retail food sales in those counties have been raised substantially by food stamp buying power.

In a miserable shack in the Mississippi Delta, for example, the Field doctors visited a very poor black family of four adults and a half-dozen young children. There was no plumbing or drinking water in the house. Heat was provided by unsafe open fires. The children were not receiving needed educational or health services. But in the midst of all this, in the one working refrigerator, there was fresh milk and meat. "This food, purchased with food stamps, was the one difference from the situation ten years ago," the doctors reported, "and the children's health and liveliness reflected this [difference]."

Researchers have had trouble determining the exact amount of food stamp aid that is translated into increased food purchases, and the precise effect of that aid on nutritional well-being. The congressional Budget Office has estimated that 57 percent of the food stamp dollar goes to added purchases of food while 43 percent simply frees money for meeting other needs. In effect, hard-pressed poor people who lack money for housing, health care and other necessities as well as food, are juggling their meager resources to meet their most pressing needs. Recent research provides a strong antidote to the classic "food stamp sirloin" myth. Donald A. West, an agriculture economist at Washington State University, compared the food spending practices of middle-class food buyers with

those of poor people who used food stamps and poor people who didn't. All three categories of people allocate their food dollars quite similarly among the various food groups. For instance, all spend about 36 percent for meat, poultry and fish, and 13 percent for milk products. But the more affluent buyer spends his meat dollars on more beef and veal while the food stamp buyer spends more on pork and poultry. The middle-class buyer spends more on finished bakery goods while the food stamp buyer spends more on flour. The middle-class buyer spends more on ice cream and yogurt while the food stamp buyers spend more on milk and eggs. The poor family that is eligible for food stamps but not participating in the program allocates its money much as does the food stamp family. But out of necessity, it simply spends less on food.

The effect of food stamps on nutrition is less clear. The two most quoted studies indicate that food stamp participants have slightly better diets than eligible nonparticipants or participants in the old surplus commodity distribution program. The poor need nutritional guidance. (But, other studies show, so does everyone else.)

The food stamp program has some problems. The program now reaches only about one-half of those eligible for it. Participation is even lower in many rural areas. Many eligible people remain ignorant about benefits. Others are put off by hostile attitudes of program administrators, or have trouble getting to food stamp issuance offices, or wish to avoid the stigma associated with participating in a welfare program.

Even after getting an application, applicants often are subjected to endless trips to the food stamp office to bring in further documents verifying their rent, income, etc. In their zeal to prevent fraud and to protect their own records, issuance officers force applicants to make their way through a frustrating bureaucratic maze. Food stamp offices in rural areas often are remote from people's homes and only open for limited hours. Old people have special problems participating in the food stamp program, although 2.3 million elderly benefit from a fast-growing special program for senior citizens.

Until now, many people have stayed out of the program because of the high cost of food stamps. A family of four, for example, with \$300 monthly income must pay \$83 to get \$182 worth of stamps. The 1977 food stamp revisions, which finally will go into effect early in 1979, should solve this problem. The purchase requirement has been eliminated, so the family with \$300 income will simply receive its \$99 in bonus stamps. In theory at least, the new law also greatly simplifies the application procedures, and ends the need for various verification documents. The true test, however, will be how state and local welfare agencies decide to implement the new law.

The National School Lunch program began after

World War II primarily to help farmers get rid of surplus commodities. In 1968, three million poor children received free lunches and 300,000 got breakfasts. Today, 10.6 million school children receive free lunches, 1.3 million have their lunches subsidized, and 2.6 million receive free breakfasts. One million pre-school children get free breakfasts and lunch in Head Start and other child care centers.

Recent research indicates that the school breakfast and child care programs are nutritionally valuable. The Congressional Budget Office reports that more than a third of America's children get off to school in the morning with less than two-thirds of the needed calories, iron, and vitamins A and C, and many have nothing at all for breakfast. Children with inadequate breakfasts are known to function less well at school both emotionally and in cognitive learning abilities. It is heartening, therefore, that the CBO study reports a marked improvement in the nutrition of poor children who attend the school breakfast program. Beyond any question, poor children would benefit by substantial expansion of the school breakfast program. But such expansion is vigorously opposed both on philosophical grounds that providing breakfast is a parental responsibility and because of the reluctance of school administrators to take on another responsibility. As for the pre-school feeding program, a doctor in the Field team reported, "There was a sharp contrast between the bright-eyed, happy and alert little ones we saw in Head Start centers and the dull listless infants and children we saw who did not participate."

One of the most dramatic success stories in food aid is the Supplementary Feeding Program for Women, Infants and Children (WIC), which has grown from a \$14 million experiment in 1974 to a \$270 million effort serving 1.3 million people today. In the WIC program, pregnant women, their infants and young children who are at nutritional risk are provided health examinations, nutrition education and supplementary nutritional food packets. There is an established connection between a mother's diet and the low birth weight of infants, and a link between low birth weight, infant mortality, birth defects and mental retardation.

WIC has been studied in detail by the Center for Disease Control of the US Public Health Service. CDC reported: "Children entering the WIC program have a high prevalence of anemia, presumably caused by iron deficiency, a high prevalence of linear growth retardation, a high prevalence of overweight. Children in the program for one year experience considerable improvement in hemoglobin and hematocrit values (by which anemia is measured), and a slight improvement in linear growth. The proportion of low birth-weight babies born to WIC mothers is the same as the general population which probably represents a considerable improvement over what might have been without WIC." A Yale Medical School study of WIC participants

in Danbury, Connecticut showed a growing impact over several years in reducing the fetal death rate. An infant growth study showed that WIC participants caught up with the general population in all parameters of health. The infant death rate on seven Montana Indian reservations dropped from 31.5 per thousand in 1972 to 16.6 in 1975 after introduction of WIC.

Right now the WIC program reaches only 1.3 million of the eight million people who are eligible for it. It isn't available in areas without a government health clinic to administer it, and there are administrative problems, such as office opening hours, similar to those of the food stamp program. An odd and unnecessary requirement is that poor women and infants have a proven nutrition deficiency *before* they are admitted to the program.

The United States still lacks an adequate system for monitoring the nutritional health of its citizens, especially the poor. The best information today comes from the Center for Disease Control and from the Health and Nutrition Examination Survey conducted by the National Center for Health Statistics. CDC and HANES surveys indicate some improvement in nutrition among the poor since 1968. But malnutrition still persists, causing under-average growth, obesity, anemia and dental caries.

A new complaint from government efficiency experts as well as economic conservatives is that the poor are now getting multiple benefits from a variety of food aid programs. But even with all these programs the poor are hardly being nutritionally over-indulged. The food stamp program is based on a so-called "thrifty food plan," a diet on which a highly skilled homemaker supposedly can sustain her family for brief periods of time. Even taking advantage of all the food programs, a family cannot bring itself up to the level of the Agriculture Department's "low cost food plan," which is considered sufficient to meet long-run nutritional needs.

The major change needed in government food programs is an effort to reach the millions of eligible Americans who, for a variety of reasons, are not participating. State and local governments should be compelled to follow the laws about outreach programs for the elderly, children, minority groups and the working poor.

The food programs are relatively popular with the public and enjoy unique bipartisan support in Congress at a time of political conservatism when it is unlikely that Congress will provide major initiatives for jobs, housing, welfare reform or health care. (They also get strong support from the food industry.) No legislation is needed. There is an unusual opportunity to take programs of the 1960s which actually produced results and to build on that success. Those who worry about more federal food aid encouraging a "dole mentality" should be reassured that a hungry child cannot learn and an ill-fed adult cannot compete for or hold a job.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Late Fall Roundup

Comes a Horseman (United Artists). One way to pass the time while watching a turkey with big people in it is to wonder why they agreed to do it. Not that big people always choose infallibly: Jane Fonda's career is hardly unfluctuated. Still, why did she agree to do this incohesive, luridly melodramatic script? Or Jason Robards? Or the director, Alan J. Pakula? He's much more ambitious than gifted, still the last time out he did *All the President's Men*. Why this souped-up cliché Western? Or Gordon Willis, a leading cinematographer, a previous colleague of Pakula's? (Although Willis puzzles me least, because good cinematographers work, without much evident discrimination, on good scripts and bad.)

I speculated, to ease the tedium and embarrassments, that it all started differently. Perhaps even the script, by Dennis Lynton Clark, was quite different from the finished film. This Western is set at the end of the Second War, but it's the same old story of an old-time cattle baron who can't adjust to new ways and opposes a new-time small-scale individualist (*Shane*, etc.). There are two variations: the longer here is a woman (Fonda), and the baron (Robards) slept with her when she was young; Robards's financial partner has oil-drilling ambitions, which of course are resisted by Fonda, even by Robards. Well, somewhere, early in the planning of this film, there may have been a dream of a Freud-based Western: a surrogate father-and-daughter conflict. Perhaps, too, someone made a study of 19th-century melodrama and discovered that aggressive, overt sexuality is always restricted to villains, who are usually rich: good guys are poor and never want to screw until married, if then. And this basic theme—the villain as rich, sexy "father"—could be embroidered with ecological righteousness.

If so, it all got pretty much flattened into formula on the way to the screen. The "themes" come out the merest modern décor on a staple Western. And the banality is heightened by the clumsy filmmaking. Willis's color-work is predictably lovely outdoors, but the editing—the editor was Marion Rothman and presumably the producers had a fumbling hand in it as well—is deplorable. Example: the opening sequence shows the hero, James Caan, and a pal driving cattle across open range. Then there's a shot of the cattle coming down a shaded road past a ranch-house. Then back to the opening location. I never did understand that ranch-house shot, except as a bit of pretty film they had on hand, so they stuck it in for variety and the hell with logic. Lots of clunky editing follows, abetted by inelastic direction. The film soon falls into a pattern of drama-sequence, then time-lapse sequence, drama, then time-lapse, over and over, with ranch work used as the material of the time-lapses. We get the general impression that ranching was what passed the time between the dramatic highpoints of these lives.

Things are not helped by a frequently incomprehensible soundtrack. People all around me (I saw it in a theater) kept complaining that they couldn't understand what was being said. And the music telegraphs. When Fonda comes home to what she thinks is an empty house, the music thoughtfully warns us that there's trouble waiting upstairs.

None of this would matter much, it would be just one more (apparent) botch of a possibly good idea, except that Fonda gives her best performance in a long time. The lolling on her talent that I've sensed in her recent work is jolted away here by her insistence on *creating* a stubborn, strong, quixotic woman, a credible westerner who lives by self-

reliance. Curious, too, that Fonda should do her most galvanized work in years in the role of a conservative! And it's wasted. Pity.

Paradise Alley (Universal). Sylvester Stallone is one of the oddest balls to come along in quite a while. In *Rocky*, which he wrote, he re-made, in modern guise, a stock 1930s movie about a slum kid prize-fighting his way up the ladder. In *F.I.S.T.*, which he helped to write, he re-made, with updated morality, a labor epic of the 1930s. The fabling quality of *Rocky* was accepted because the subject was boxing: the same basic method was rejected in *F.I.S.T.* because the subject was labor. But he was no more or less serious about one than the other and in both cases his seriousness was entirely about movie-making, not about the subjects.

Now he has written another film and, for the first time, directed himself, and the result is engagingly loony. This isn't just a movie-movie, it's a cartoon of one, almost as if it were drawn by Ralph Bakshi—though in fact it's all live actors. It's set in 1945 (like *Comes a Horseman*, incidentally) in Hell's Kitchen, New York, and it's about three brothers: the good-natured giant, the medium one (Stallone), and the smallest, who was wounded in the war. But the settings are almost visibly carpentered, Laszlo Kovacs's cinematography is like soupy paperbound covers of the 1950s, the action laughs at credibility, and the characterizations are so fictitious that one almost expects them to be performed by animals in clothes, as in

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Ingmar Bergman, Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann create a powerful film about the reunion (blasted) of a mother and daughter. Monumentally strong.

Girlfriends. A warm welcome to Claudia Weill and her first feature—some truth at last about a New York young woman today.

Go Tell the Spartans. Try to find this, though it's hard. Vietnam 1964, recounted with much more candor than cliché.

The Wiz. Nix on Diana Ross and the plentiful syrup, but most of the people are good and the physical production is a warm kitschy bath.

SK

cartoons—the oldest brother a bear, Stallone a bull, the youngest brother a hound, the gangster-villain a weasel, and so on. This time it's wrestling, not boxing, as the way out of the slums, and this time Stallone manages instead of fighting, but it's the same dynamics. This time we can't even believe in the slums: the very rats in the basement look as if they'd been rented by the day.

But it's all so good-natured in its complete phoniness that it's hard to be offended by it.

Watership Down (Avco Embassy). This is a cartoon feature. The (London) *Times Literary Supplement*, of all journals, reviews it (November 3) and takes it fairly seriously, but then they refer to the Richard Adams rabbit story on which it's based as a "great fable." I haven't read the book, but it's hard to discern a great fable in the film, and the *TLS* doesn't much complain of alteration. In fact it's hard to think of a more commonplace fable, sub-Disney in idea and complexities. I not only got no kind of fabulous implication, I got tedium. For me, these hares limped trembling through the frozen grass.

The *TLS* is right in saying that the woodlands and burrows suggest Arthur Rackham. (Remember his illustrations for, among others, *The Wind in the Willows*?) But the artwork lacks either the facile charm of Disney or the charming art of Heinz Edelmans's work in *Yellow Submarine*. On the other hand, it's the first animated film with a stellar cast of voices: among them, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, and Zero

Mostel as a comically irate Russian seagull.

Obituary Note. Salka Viertel died in Switzerland on October 20 at the age of 89. Few readers will respond to her name, I suppose, though she was the co-author of the scripts of five Garbo films, *Queen Christina*, *The Painted Veil*, *Anna Karenina*, *Conquest*, and *Two-faced Woman*, as well as other films. Full as her film-writing career was, it came almost as an afterthought in her life—a life of immense interest recounted in an autobiography, *The Kindness of Strangers* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1969).

She was born in Poland and became an actress in Vienna and Berlin. Her European acting work included some Max Reinhardt productions and some films. She was married for years to Berthold Viertel, the director whom Christopher Isherwood used as the model for Bergmann in *Prater Violett*. She came to Hollywood with her husband, and there she played old Marthy in Garbo's German-language version of *Anna Christie*. It was Garbo who urged her to write, encouraged her to start *Queen Christina*, and took her to Irving Thalberg's home to settle the matter. The stories flow on and on: Eisenstein in Hollywood, collaboration with Brecht on an (unproduced) screenplay, and very much more. Her death at least gives the occasion to recommend her book, a journey through the theater-film-literary-music worlds in Europe and America of her time—an autobiography so engulfing that it's hard to believe you really didn't know the author.

characterized as negative terms. But I have always taken it for granted, on these occasions, that I was speaking to the medium's true friends and allies. When I meet up with an out-and-out, card-carrying Enemy of Television, an order goes out somewhere in my subconscious to "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" or words to that effect. And I hear myself rallying to the defense of even Laverne and Shirley their indefensible selves.

After some of these debates, unfortunately, I am plagued by a sense that I have not represented the cause as ably as I would have liked. Part of the problem is that my rhetorical gifts tend to desert me under fire—I begin a perfectly reasonable discourse on the moral symbolism of "The Incredible Hulk" only to wind up strangling in hems and haws. But a larger problem is that, almost invariably, the evidence I cite in television's defense has not been inspected by the Enemy. The Enemy not only dislikes TV but, disliking it, refuses to watch it.

Something tells me that even the subscription rolls of the august publication that has brought you, reader, and me together include a fair number of specimens of this most intractable minority. So I am seizing the present occasion, with my editors' approval, to say a word to all confirmed TV haters, both inside and outside my range of acquaintance.

Dear Enemies of Television:

I am probably not going to persuade you with a few hundred words of eloquence that you have been appallingly narrow-minded, foolish and snotty. So I will let my client speak for himself. All I ask is that you declare a moratorium on bad-mouthing of TV until you have sampled an assortment—admittedly a highly unrepresentative assortment—of programs. For my part, I promise to make myself available, when you have completed your homework, for any reasonable form of abuse you deem appropriate. Your first assignment, should you choose to accept it, is:

"Lifeline" (Sunday, 10 p.m., NBC):

We all deliberate about what ought to happen, for good or ill, to the people we care about—but it rarely does, and still more rarely as any result of our wishes. Doctors' decisions, on the other hand, routinely affect other people's lives. And the deliberations that precede those decisions have an urgency and discipline that arouse our envious interest.

This helps explain the proven popularity of doctors as TV series heroes.

James Lardner on television

Laundry List

In the ordinary run of a day's business, I deal with an alarming number of people who are not kindly disposed toward the great medium that is television. If they have a word of praise for a particular program, and occasionally they do, it is usually accompanied by a blistering attack on all that comes before and after. The words "Laverne" and "Shirley" have a way of creeping into the conversation at about this point.

Such talk saddens me. If there is next

to nothing worth watching on TV, there can be very little worth writing about, so I have a vested interest here. But it so happens I spent nearly as much time in the company of my TV set before I had the faintest inkling that our association could be made to pay. When people condemn all television, they are condemning those who watch it—which means me.

Of course, I have discussed certain shows myself in what might be

Merely by accepting, for an hour, the medical credentials of a Richard Chamberlain or a Robert Young, we are ushered into a world where conversation matters and people talk with care. (The medical procedures themselves are interesting but secondary, it seems to me.) And now, after 20 years of series in which doctors have been played by actors, we have doctors being played by doctors. It is the best of both worlds. They represent an improvement not only as doctors but also, so far, as actors. The phrase "operating theater" was obviously not coined by accident. Perhaps the networks should look into the possibility of casting all their shows with doctors from here on out.

"Mork and Mindy" (Thursday, 8 p.m., ABC):

Juvenile? Well, yes. Illogical? Without fail. But "Mork and Mindy" is so utterly, wholesomely, recklessly harmless as to add a new dimension to the very concept of harmlessness. This assignment, however, is optional for anyone who has passed his ninth birthday.

"Lou Grant" (Monday, 10 p.m., CBS):

On the old "Mary Tyler Moore Show," Lou Grant looked up to no one—he was the boss. Now he is sandwiched between subordinates and superiors as city editor of the fictional Los Angeles Tribune on the show of his own name. The relationships are nicely crafted up and down the hierarchy. What's more remarkable, the newsroom where much of the action transpires actually bears a pronounced resemblance to, of all things, a newsroom. Few TV shows

have ever depicted a workplace so recognizably.

"The Duchess of Duke Street" (Sundays, 9 p.m., PBS, in 15 episodes; scheduling varies in different cities):

Why do stories of domestic service have such appeal these days? Besides "Duchess" and "Upstairs Downstairs" (which use the same set and cover, for a while, similar dramatic territory), we are about to have NBC's "Backstairs at the White House." Few Americans can afford servants any more, and few are obliged to live their lives in service. We are, confusingly, servants and masters all at once. I cook, you wash the dishes. It is an arrangement that may be saner for us as individuals and as a society—but the old way was, perhaps, a bit more orderly. And order looks very attractive just now.

On "The Duchess of Duke Street," orderliness is pursued with great passion, and passion with great orderliness. Assistant cook Louisa Leyton cannot have her affair with the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) until she is properly married to the butler she doesn't love, and they are comfortably established at the Prince's expense. This incredible story is, incidentally, based on the life of scullery maid and royal confidante Rosa Lewis—so some of it is presumably true.

Every year, I wonder if the supply of first-rate British actors is about to run out, and every year someone like Gemma Jones comes along to put such fears to rest. Miss Jones takes Louisa from calm to anger and back to calm with the smoothness and the solid roar of a racing car engine.

"The Rockford Files" (Fridays, 9 p.m., NBC):

Mr. Fred Silverman
National Broadcasting Company
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Silverman,

This is just to wish you the very best in your new position.

P.S. If you ever cancel "The Rockford Files," I will put a contract out on your life.

Fondly,

"Visions"—"The Dancing Bear" (Monday, Nov. 20th, 9:00 p.m., PBS):

Charles Durning cranks up all his creative gears in this original TV play by Conrad Bromberg about a middle-aged Hollywood actor desperately trying to snag a part. The humiliations we all have to endure—and actors endure with particular intensity—in search of professional satisfaction, are dramatized

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with force and feeling.

"Visions," for once, shows what public television is capable of, and Durning strikes a timely blow for home-grown acting talent.

"Saturday Night" (Saturdays, 11:30 p.m., NBC):

There are three schools of thought on the subject of "Saturday Night." Some people think it's pretty funny. Some people think it's not. And some people are outraged at the whole idea of being asked to watch a program that airs at such an hour on such an evening.

I have belonged, at one time or another, to all three schools. But I can't help feeling that if my generation of Americans is ever brought to trial for the high crimes of impudence, laziness and greed, our best defense may be to remind the court that at the end of every egregious week, we took an hour and a half out to laugh heartily at our sins when we might otherwise have been adding to them.

Four seasons of this purging ritual merge in my memory:

I see John Belushi as a rabbi demonstrating a luxury automobile's ride by performing a circumcision in the rear seat.

I hear Gilda Radner as Roseanne Roseannadanna delivering one of her prize-winning news reports.

"Did you ever find a thing between your teeth," she is asking, "and you didn't know what it is? You say, 'what is this? I don't remember eating anything like this?'"

And there's Steve Martin describing the trials of having a 103-year-old grandmother on your hands.

And, ah, there are the Coneheads of the planet Remulak explaining to the IRS man how they lost their papers when the craft that brought them here from France plunged into Lake Michigan.

And Jane Curtin, in another "Saturday Night" commercial, aiming her gushiest gaze at the camera as she says, "Hi, I'm beautiful but stupid, and I've found the soap that helps keep me that way."

And Belushi again, brandishing his terrible but not terribly swift sword in "Samurai Hotel" or "Samurai Dry Cleaners" or "Samurai Night Fever."

And Dan Ackroyd arching his eyebrows as Tom Snyder—or doing just about anything he chooses as just about anybody he chooses.

neutral rules designed for collective social advantage. Given the actual unfairness of law and property relations in capitalist society, however, this hegemonic myth is always vulnerable to ideological puncture and must therefore be constantly undergirded with ideological counter-argument and is ultimately contradicted by final resort to coercion.

"Liberal" theorists of the law explain voluntary obedience by insisting that the law is in fact an autonomous code of social utility or moral obligation. It does not enforce the imperatives of class rule. People generally obey because they know that the law at least aspires to neutrality and fairness. Such neutrality may be imperfect but is never merely mythic.

Charles Silberman's insistence on the vital importance of strengthening the moral legitimacy of the criminal justice system in the eyes of the public places him among those who ascribe the social order to voluntarist obedience rather than coerced or manipulated compliance. This premise sustains his attack on neo-conservatives like Edward Banfield, James Q. Wilson and Ernest van den Haag who have called for tougher law enforcement as the proper response to the law and order crisis.

Silberman argues that the conservative critics of the "permissiveness" of the justice system have grossly underestimated its actual effectiveness. He counters van den Haag's assertion that only one percent of reported crimes are followed by the punishment of an offender by showing that half of those actually charged with crimes end up serving time in prison. He uses Vera Institute studies to deny conservative contentions that Warren Court rulings on due process as well as the use of the rule excluding illegally obtained evidence have "handcuffed" prosecutors and police. Finally, he disputes assertions that courts are more lenient toward violent offenders than they were two generations ago.

If the "permissiveness" of the courts is a myth, then the proper question to ask is not how many more criminals might be deterred by increases in penal deterrence, but at what point increased severity would begin to backfire, begin to compromise the law's tenuous reputation for justice. Silberman clearly believes that further severity would only erode that fragile web of voluntarism which inclines people to cooperate with the police and the courts as jury-persons, witnesses and informants.

Books Considered

Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice

by Charles E. Silberman

(Random House; \$15)

At about 9:40 p.m. on the night of July 13, 1977, the lights went out in New York City. Almost immediately, poor people began helping themselves to the goods that lay behind plate-glass windows and steel bars. The 3500 policemen on duty that night made over 3000 arrests, but they admitted they were powerless to check the looting once it had begun.

Charles Silberman dwells on the implications of that summer night in his new book, *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice*. In his words, the looting "gave such a vivid demonstration of how limited a role the institutions of the criminal justice system normally play in maintaining order." Whether from grudging compliance or moral conviction,

ordinary people tend to obey the law, regardless of the existence of sanctions. When that voluntary obedience holds firm, as it did during the 1965 blackout, policing can be temporarily plunged into chaos without triggering an explosion of criminal activity. When that willingness to obey is absent, to quote *Time* magazine, "the brakes of civilization fail."

A Gramscian Marxist would explain the voluntary obedience of the poor and exploited as a reflection of the "ideological hegemony of bourgeois law." Under normal conditions, poor people do not invade the property of the rich because they accept the strenuously promoted myth that legally legitimated systems of property relations are

In response to the cry, "put more patrolmen on the beat," Silberman points to the Kansas City policing studies which showed that increasing the number of "preventive patrols" did not reduce crime. Other studies in Los Angeles have shown that a patrolman comes upon a burglary only once every 14 years. This is surprising only as long as we assume that police forces are in the business of detecting and pursuing criminals. In fact, most of their time is spent arbitrating disputes in their districts or helping people in emergencies. Silberman concludes that money ought to be spent improving policemen's abilities in these fields, rather than on the hardware of guns, walkie-talkies, telecommunication systems and armored vehicles.

While most of his fire is directed at conservatives, Silberman has the independence of mind to turn a salvo or two upon critics of his own liberal persuasion. He disagrees, for example, with their condemnation of plea bargaining, arguing that there is simply no other way for courts to cope with the volume of cases. He also refuses to join the current liberal critique of judicial discretion in sentencing. In his view the imposition of mandatory maximum and minimum sentences would only multiply opportunities for judicial arbitrariness.

Indeed, Silberman's overall conclusion is that the courts do a better job than most liberals give them credit for. This benign assessment, however, does not extend to the juvenile justice system. Here Silberman echoes oft-made criticisms of the appalling amount of confinement meted out for "status" offenses (truancy, running away from home, disobedience) which would not be offenses at all in adult court. He recommends a sharp curtailment in the use of confinement for status offenses and urges an expansion of non-carceral family homes for young people who need either protection or supervision. As for the violent minority, he suggests that their cases be transferred to adult courts that have more severe penalties at their disposal.

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On the question of prisons, Silberman also directs a measure of criticism at liberal activists, especially at those who have ignored the critical need for law and order within the walls. Rights do not mean much to prisoners as long as they live in constant fear of being "piped" or raped by fellow inmates. While insisting on the necessity of due process and justice within the walls, Silberman comes down in favor of a hierarchical authority system firmly in the hands of the warden. Only clear lines of authority can guarantee prisoners a minimum degree of personal security. Apart from the contention that we must do something to prevent prisoners from being further alienated from the law by the experience of their incarceration, Silberman does not put any store in criminal rehabilitation. The best we can do, he seems to be saying, is treat people fairly and try to ensure that they don't kill each other. Using the prison to reduce crime, either through deterrence, incapacitation or reform, is a bankrupt strategy.

What, then, can be done to reduce crime? In his last chapter, Silberman argues that the best long-term strategy for attacking the "root causes" of crime lies in community organization in the ghetto. In St. Louis, for example, Ford Foundation grants of \$500,000 enabled the tenants of five housing projects to form an association which undertakes repairs, mobilizes tenants against vandalism, runs a day care center, and hires local teenagers to deliver meals and perform household chores for the aged and sick. Since its inception in 1969, this fledgling experiment in self-government has worked at developing a stronger sense of collective responsibility for the local environment. In the process, it has succeeded in reducing vandalism and crime.

In East Palo Alto, California, a locally elected panel of adults and teenagers adjudicates petty vandalism cases itself. Local juveniles referred to the Community Youth Responsibility Program by the courts or the school system are assigned by the panel to repair vandalized property, make restitution to their victims or work without pay in local community agencies.

Silberman bestows special praise on the delinquency prevention program initiated by the Center for Orientation and Services (COS) in the *barrios* of La Playa, a destitute neighborhood in Ponce, the second largest city in Puerto Rico. COS maintains 10 full-time advocates—local residents, some of

whom are former addicts or offenders—who "look out for, protect, represent and help youngsters in trouble with the law, other governmental agencies, or the community itself." These advocates (*intercesores* in Spanish) have gradually taken under their wing, not only the adolescents who get in trouble with the law, but those on the run from parents or school. Most interestingly, the center has gradually become the nucleus of efforts to install pay telephones, pave the streets, improve bus service and garbage collection and has led to a campaign for tougher policing of local prostitution. In this way, a project initiated to reduce juvenile delinquency has become part of a much larger effort at community mobilization.

The success of these projects suggests that there is a critical relationship between the ability of poor families to exercise moral control over their adolescents and the degree of political control which they are able to exert collectively over their immediate environment. In inner city areas starved for credit and capital, preyed upon by private landlords, carved apart by expressways, abandoned by municipal services and deserted by employers, it is futile to expect that families can impress upon their children the collectively destructive consequences of petty crime.

It is a shame that Silberman devotes so much space to proving the limitations of "state options" and so little to the implications of a community mobilization strategy. The crucial question, it seems to me, is how local neighborhoods can regain some measure of control over their immediate economic environment. The pilot projects he mentions have secured some influence over the courts, the housing department, the police and the schools, but little discernible leverage over employers, banks, insurance companies and private landlords. Local community organizations can only become effective once they begin providing teenagers with paying jobs, once they can supply capital to local groups for rebuilding the environment, and once they have the authority, formal or informal, to compel landlords to maintain adequate standards in private buildings. Until they wrest these powers, local neighborhood groups can only hope to have a marginal impact on the criminality that currently threatens the whole basis of social trust and cohesion in the inner city. Moreover, as the inspiring leaders of the La Playa project have clearly realized,

juvenile delinquency cannot remain the focus of neighborhood action. Eventually, and of necessity, a neighborhood group that knows what it is doing has to move into the politically contentious and crucial areas of employment and housing.

Silberman's book, valuable as it is, would have been more useful had he included a serious analysis of the sources of economic power over ghetto life and the elements of a strategy for creating neighborhood organizations with some leverage over these sources of power. Such a strategy would include defining how to identify the local areas that have sufficient sources of internal cohesion and leadership to sustain community

mobilization; how to pry funding and capital from local government and private business; how to fight landlords; how to attract and hold employers; how to win control over municipal planning decisions affecting neighborhoods. Until we have that sort of strategic analysis, the pilot projects he praises will remain lonely and isolated inspirations.

Michael Ignatieff

Michael Ignatieff is a senior research fellow at King's College, Cambridge, and is the author of *A Just Measure of Pain: Penitentiaries in the Industrial Revolution* (Pantheon).

I, etcetera by Susan Sontag

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$8.95)

In a recent interview in the *Baltimore Sun*, Susan Sontag told a reporter that from now on, she plans to concentrate on fiction. Compared to essay-writing, she said, fiction-writing offers more freedom. It's accomplished during an "unself-aware state" in which she listens uncritically to a (figurative) internal voice spinning out fantasies. "I don't ask myself, 'What does this mean, is this right, is this interesting?'" she said. "I just follow it. If I get fascinated by this stuff that starts cooking . . . then I start taking it down."

The eight short stories in *I, etcetera*—all of them published previously in various periodicals—reflect a vital and restless imagination cooking away in several directions. Hank Jekyll, for instance, has a rendezvous with Eddie Hyde at the World Trade Center. A robot who is forced to go through the motions of his master's boring family life grows bored himself and elopes with a secretary named Miss Love. And a character who deliberately keeps his or her sex a secret from us (so that we won't dismiss the problem once we've fitted it into a sort of gender-slot) ruminates for some 40 pages on how to resign from an unnamed underground "organization," in which membership has become ingrown and confining; yet striking out alone after all these years is almost beyond imagining.

The typical Sontag character is intelligent, self-analytical, and suffering from a non-specific form of anxiety or discontent. He may be obsessed by thoughts of freedom, while continually fettering himself at every turn. He may long for change and space, but he's unwilling to give up the brittle shell he is accustomed to inhabiting. (A character sitting for a portrait tells the artist, "I want you to show someone in the process of becoming someone else. But do it without making the portrait any less linear and figurative. Don't let the paint drip or smudge or blur.") Generally, he feels burdened by a body of fashionable knowledge that fails to solve any of his real problems:

We know more than we can use. Look at all this stuff I've got in my head: rockets and Venetian churches, David Bowie and Diderot, nuoc mam and Big Mats, sunglasses and orgasms . . .

And we don't know nearly enough.

It is common for these characters to give at least a passing thought to moral problems: goodness, or their lack of it. A narrator remarks that, "I don't share the anxiety I detect in everyone I know about being *too good*—as if goodness brings with it a loss of energy, individuality,—in men, a loss of virility." And Dr. Jekyll, informed that Hyde's small size reflects the relatively small

amount of evil in Jekyll's own character, concludes that in fact he has "not been all that good . . . Jekyll suspects that Hyde's dwarfish stature and feeble stamina have a more banal, simply physical cause: a bad case of childhood rheumatic fever that was misdiagnosed by the school pediatrician and neglected by his ignorant parents."

The drawback to stories written in an unself-aware state is, of course, that at times they may turn too far inward, making no effort in the direction of the reader. Assuming that most writers are saying, "I have something of myself that I want to express," we can't help feeling that on occasion Susan Sontag is adding, "And don't you wish you knew what it was?" Or (even greater insult) a brusque, "But never mind." The derisive fable called "American Spirits," in which Miss Flatface deserts her husband to lead a life of debauchery with Mr. Obscenity, is the clearest example. It sounds like an adult version of those wandering, babbling stories that children tell themselves at naptime.

Or consider two first cousins: "Project for a Trip to China," which is a reflection on the narrator's longing for her own extremely personal version of China, and "Unguided Tour," which revolves around a trip to visit everything that's on the verge of disappearing. Both of these stories are more like notes for stories, and self-addressed notes at that. Paragraphs tend to consist of one short sentence—the length of easiest impact. Random observations are separated by weighty pauses. There is a scarcity of specific, human characters. None of these qualities are necessarily mistakes, of course. (Think what Donald Barthelme can accomplish with a clutch of offhand non-sequiturs apparently directed to himself alone.) And even here—especially in "Project for a Trip to China"—there is an abundance of those startling ironies and wry, quirky jokes that make Susan Sontag so tempting to quote. (Notice how many quotes appear in this review, for instance—and there would have been even more, if not for untold amounts of self-restraint.) But ultimately, we feel cheated. We turn past the last page, looking for one more page that will make the story come together. Even the freest internal voice, listened to with the utmost lack of criticism, must in the final step be screened for readability.

But where these stories succeed, they succeed wonderfully. "Debriefing" is a friend's account of the slow descent of Julia, who starts out asking herself

questions with no answers and ends up dead.

That late Wednesday afternoon I told Julia how stupid it would be if she committed suicide. She agreed. I thought I was convincing. Two days later she left her apartment again and killed herself, showing me that she didn't mind doing something stupid.

This is one story where the stray-observations approach works as it ought to. Everything seems to meander along, hit or miss, come what may, but the cumulative effect is staggering. Gradually, Julia emerges as absolutely specific and individual, even while she is suffering from what some people would probably call the disease of our times. "Why you went under," her friend says, "while others, equally absent from their lives, survive is a mystery to me." It's a mystery to all of us, and remains so, but "Debriefing" gives us a sense of a real person in real trouble and when she's gone we truly share the grief and bewilderment of her friend.

And for pure joy of words, there's "Baby," which is a monologue addressed

to a doctor by the parents of a problem child. Baby is now taking sitar lessons, now getting married, now eating lamb chops in his high chair, now fretting about the draft—all ages intermingled, overlapping, as his parents unfold their frightened, loving, resentful feelings about him.

Tell him he's not going to live forever. Tell him we aren't, either. . . . Tell him we couldn't help it. Tell him we're not monsters. Tell him how monstrous he's been to us. . . . Tell him he looks ridiculous with a mustache. Tell him not to take out his braces at night or his teeth will never get straight. . . . Tell him how we wept when he was born. Tell him when he was born we started to die.

I, etcetera is not always an easy book to read; it's not always a rewarding book, even. But it does possess its own kind of spirit and nerve, and it takes some magnificent chances.

Anne Tyler

Anne Tyler's most recent novel is *Earthly Possessions* (Knopf).

events and prose excerpts, then stood aside. He is, in fact, the ideal choice for a book of this sort—sympathetic and self-effacing. We can see why Forster, with customary shrewdness, chose Furbank for the job—knowing, after all, that he himself could describe his tortured sensibility better than anyone else.

And tortured it was. Behind the saint and sage, behind the grand old man of English letters, was a lifetime of mild self-reproach, sterility and idleness alternating with periods of intense despondency and self-hate. It was as if at birth he had been endowed with extravagant artistic gifts, but these had been attached to a physical apparatus of such inadequacy that it would break down under the slightest stress and leave him numbed and helpless before the malefactions of his flesh. His whole life was lived—to use one of his favorite expressions—in rather a muddle. It was a comedy on the verge of turning into a tragedy and vice versa. He seems never to have inhabited his life wholeheartedly; he was always an outsider, a wanderer, a holy simpleton, drawing a delicate facetiousness over him like a veil to hide his troubled heart.

The first and greatest muddle of his life was his mother, with whom he lived until her death at 90 in a fierce, desperate but absolutely essential relationship. Although he felt the need to get away from her from time to time, notably by war service in Alexandria and secretarial service to the Maharajah of Dewas, he always went back. His life, by choice, was full of "aunts and tea-parties and little jokes and chocolate hares." Even when he took a flat in London, on his return from India, it was agreed that he would only stay two days a week and send his mother a postcard each of those days. And yet when she died he was in despair. One day (he was then 66), he woke up feeling he could not live alone, repeating to himself all through the day, "I cannot go on, simply cannot." And later: "Surely she will give up being dead now?"

The stability she had afforded could not be reproduced in lodgings. He was at loose ends until the governing body of Cambridge, hearing he was in transit, invited him to reside at his old college. And so his adult life ended where it began—in rooms at King's, where his sense of homelessness was mitigated, curiously enough, by rotating hordes of undergraduates.

A second, minor muddle revolved around his physical ineptitude. Not only was he gauche—given to sprained and

E.M. Forster: A Life by P.N. Furbank

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$19.95)

Edward Morgan Forster, who lived only nine years less than a century, is both the easiest and most thankless of subjects for a biographer. Easy in that his long life had great luminosity, was described by him with infinite nuance in documents both public and private, and was lived amid contemporaries who converted their affection for him into a minor memoir factory. Thankless in that this vast annotation, this superfluity of reminiscence, now tends to cut into the biographer's job; he is reduced, more or less, to sorting out the enshafed flood and printing as much of it as he can persuade a publisher to finance. In the case of the present volume, which retails at \$19.95 and weighs slightly over three pounds on my bathroom scale, the persuasion was clearly effective.

The nature of the challenge—or lack thereof—to the biographer is well

dramatized by comparing this life of Forster to Leon Edel's five-volume work on Henry James, who was more of Forster's contemporary than now seems possible. Mysteries abound in the life of James. A great deal of speculation and insight, much of it based solely on textual analysis of the novels, make Edel's work an amazing piece of literary detection. James presided over the English sentence and used it to camouflage the darker parts of his nature. On the other hand Forster, while presiding over a different sort of English sentence, used it to light up every dark place in his own life and in the lives of his friends and fictional characters. Thus Edel's voice is heard throughout the James books, wondering and commenting, but Furbank is in the main unseen and unheard. He has skillfully set before us the relevant facts,

broken limbs—but the material things of the world seemed engaged in a vendetta against him. Cars would stall, luggage get lost, trains be missed, food platters overturn, when he was present. Standing still, he would give the impression he was about to topple over and would hook one hand to the other for support.

More importantly, he thought himself unattractive, incapable of inspiring affection. Here for example is his annual New Year's summing up in his diary for 1925, a year after publishing *A Passage to India*: "Famous, wealthy, miserable, physically ugly—red nose enormous, round patch in middle of scalp. . . . Face in the distance is toad-like and pallid, with a tiny rim of hair along the triangle. My stoop must be appalling . . . stomach increases . . . anus is clotted with hairs. . . ." This harshness toward his physical self persisted throughout his life.

He was also tormented by his homosexual tastes. There seems to have been no sexual activity in his teens and twenties. His mother's attitude toward sex was that it was a dreadful subject, to be thought of as little as possible. As a child, his penis was called his "dirty." For many years he thought copulation took place when a man put his stomach against a woman's, and remarked later in life that it was not until he was 30 and had published three novels that he clearly understood how intercourse occurred.

However, in his young manhood there were several strong physical and emotional attractions. One was to a Cambridge classmate, H.O. Meredith, a neurotic youth who seems to have been the model for Clive in *Maurice*. Meredith was a tease, allowing Forster to embrace him sometimes but do no more. There was also a handsome Indian student, Syed Ross Masood, to whom Forster would dedicate *A Passage to India*, citing the 17 years of their friendship. "However gross my desires," he wrote in his mid-30s, "I find I shall never satisfy them for the fear of annoying others."

The first full physical encounter of Forster's life took place with an anonymous soldier on a beach in Alexandria. The year was 1916 and the novelist, by then quite famous, was two months short of his 38th birthday. It would be pleasant to report that he found some kind of emotional and sexual fulfillment after so much abstinence, but this was not the case. Several affairs followed, one with an

Egyptian tram-conductor for whom he felt genuine affection but from whom he was separated by class and geography, another with a barber at the court of the Maharajah, and several with young working-class men back home. The nearest he came to continuity and

Forster's life, of course, was his famous creative block. His first four novels appeared in rapid succession, starting when he was 26: *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), *The Longest Journey* (1907), *A Room with a View* (1908) and *Howards End* (1910). These years were happy ones; writing



E.M. Forster

drawing by David Schorr

satisfaction—though even here the record is muddled—was with Bob Buckingham, a London policeman, whom he met through a friend. Toward the end of Forster's life, Buckingham claimed there had been no physical relationship between them, and that the friendship had been platonic. Whatever its status, the affair with the policeman was the high point of Forster's emotional life. In 1932 he wrote in his commonplace book: "I have been happy for two years. It mayn't be over yet, but I want to write it down before it gets spoiled by pain. . . . From 51 to 53 I have been happy and would like to remind others that their turn can come too. It is the only message worth giving." He died in Buckingham's house in Coventry in 1970, his last conscious act being to hold the hand of Buckingham's wife, whom he also loved.

The most persistent muddle of

for him seemed a different and superior kind of living.

It was after *Howards End* that the trouble started—trouble that would plague him on and off until the end of his life. He would publish only one more

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full-length work, *A Passage to India*, leaving the last half of his life devoid of major creation. Although it has often been pointed out that in these later years he wrote some of the finest essays in the language, he himself took a dim view of the critical faculty, claiming that it did not have "spiritual parity" with the act of creation.

A clue to the cause of his creative block can be found in some diary entries about *Howards End* in 1958, almost a half-century after it appeared: "*Howards End* my best novel and approaching a good novel. . . . Have only just discovered why I don't care for it: not a single character in it for whom I care. . . . Perhaps the house in *H.E.*, for which I did once care, took the place of people and now that I no longer care for it, their barrenness has become evident. I feel pride in the achievement, but cannot love it, and occasionally the swish of skirts and the non-sexual embraces irritate. . . ."

The novel had been, in a sense, a magnificent trick, a craftsman's miracle, in which brilliant irony and insight had masked an absence of true concern. The novel certainly does not give the sense of having been passionately lived, as do the earlier books. It seems clear now that it represented a cul-de-sac for the author. His writing would have to take a new turn, explore new visions. But which?

In 1911, the year after *Howards End*, Forster began to write what he called "sexy short stories." These were certainly not pornographic in the current sense, although he later said he wrote them "not to express myself but to excite myself," as well as to overcome his literary inertia. He was not ashamed of them, but showed them to no one.

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In 1913 Forster visited Edward Carpenter, a mystic, improver and champion of homosexuality who had written *The Intermediate Sex* (1908). Carpenter was just what Forster needed at the time: a proud and magnetic man who lived openly with a male lover and wrote about Whitman, Tolstoy, manual labor and sexual reform. During his first visit, Forster reported that he was stroked by George Merrill, Carpenter's housemate, and at that moment conceived the entire outline of *Maurice*, his novel of homosexual love, as well as the three main characters and the happy ending. He went home, Furbank writes, "in a state of exaltation, feeling that the fog had cleared from his life. It was *this* he had been needing, he decided, to cure his sterility; and he sat down to work at once."

What followed were probably the happiest months of his writing life. He wrote the novel at top speed, fantasizing for the ending a happy-ever-after life in the greenwood for Maurice and a country type named Alec Scudder. In his annual New Year's review he noted: "Year has ended with 3 months of exaltation . . . Edward Carpenter! Edward Carpenter! Edward Carpenter!"

But Forster, we can see now, was writing himself into the conflict that would cripple his creative life almost beyond repair. His idea was that if he could get *Maurice* out of his system—that is, deal with the matter of homosexual life and love—he would be able to get back to other more "respectable" work. But he found to his dismay that having an unpublishable gay love story on his hands did not return him either to his two uncompleted novels or inspire him to start a new one. On the contrary, he subsided into his old inertia, and took the coming of the war as a sign he must give up all hope of writing.

With the benefit of 60 years' hindsight, it is easy to see what happened, and how Forster's uncanny gift of self-knowledge deserted him where this most treacherous of subjects was concerned. By letting the cat out of the bag—i.e., by writing about the social and emotional turmoil which was homosexuality in post-Edwardian England, Forster was giving form and shape to his long-suppressed homosexual feelings. He had freed himself, at least in secret and apart, and—far from being rid of the matter—was now increasingly steeped in it. Certainly he tried to rid himself of the obsession. Not only did he stop writing his erotic short stories, but burned those he had written, convinced

that they "clogged him artistically." But the disparity between his new private freedom, which he could not destroy, and the old public convention, which he could not ignore, was too great. His inspiration dried up at its source.

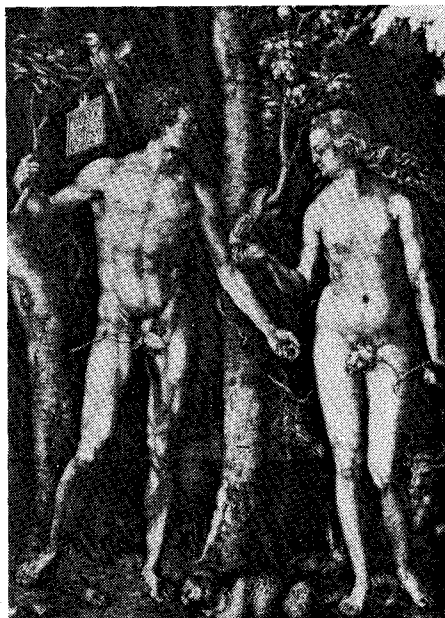
A statement made in a 1920 letter to his Irish friend Forrest Reid supports this: "I think that I've stopped creating rather than become uncreative . . . I have never felt I'm used up. It's rather that the scraps of imagination and observation in me won't coalesce. . . ."

The work on *A Passage to India*, which he wrote in 1922 and 1923, rather than contradicting this thesis, seems to support it. The problems of race, colonialism and India had always been close to his heart, stemming not only from his fascination with Syed Masood and the Muslim tram-conductor plus his long sojourns in India, but also from his deep humanism and egalitarianism. India was really the only topic not deriving from the social constructs of British life that interested him. He could write about it without drawing on his homosexual experiences. The result was the only long work written at the top of his powers, combining clarity with mystery and illustrating in its moral niceties what Lionel Trilling, in his 1943 book on Forster, called his power to envisage not just good and evil but good-and-evil.

But the chief evidence for believing that Forster was denied emotional access to his material because works on homosexuality were *inaccrochable*—too obscene to be displayed—resides in the short stories published posthumously. These were collected under the title *The Life to Come* (1972) and they fall into two categories. The first group is slight and facetious and deals largely with the mores of Forster's Edwardian youth. The second group is quite different. There are eight stories on gay themes, all but one written after *A Passage to India*, and at least half of them masterpieces. One, "The Other Boat," he worked on when he was 79 and must be classed as one of the great tragic stories of world literature. Yet—and this is critical—Forster felt the stories wholly unpublishable. He was not sufficiently emboldened by his great fame or the changed sexual climate. Thus, forced by his integrity to deal with a subject that was taboo, and unwilling or unable to write about anything else, he lapsed into silence. There was really no alternative, even though he was convinced his powers had not declined.

The Life to Come received none of the

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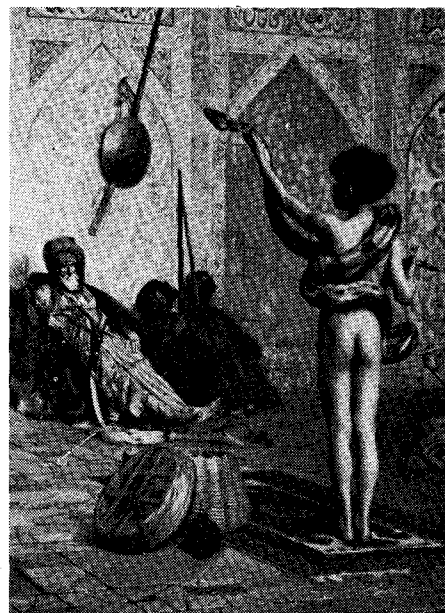
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critical attention it deserved in this country, possibly because *Maurice*, published the previous year, had gotten so much. A pity. Where *Maurice* is didactic, sentimental and improbable, the great stories are powerful, hard-edged and true. No less a critic than T.E. Lawrence thought "Dr. Woolacott" the most powerful thing he ever read, and Forster in 1927 said the story "is the best thing I've done and also unlike anyone else's work."

Furbank believes there was another reason for Forster's silence, other than his loss of interest in writing about the relations between men and women. He believes that Forster only had one novel to write, stemming from his early experiences, and saw no point in reworking it endlessly. It seems to me that the late stories belie this. There were innumerable changes to be rung on the subject of homosexuality, all suitable to Forster's complex vision, and a braver writer might have attempted them. But even in prescribing this choice of subject, I am aware of a paradox. It was precisely the subtlety of Forster's moral and social vision, his ability to discern balances and ratios indecipherable to others, that served to silence him. He was too keen, too clear-sighted to chance the thousand snubs—or worse, dissimulations—that awaited the writer on forbidden themes. It was, sadly, the very size and weight of his gifts which

militated against his using them. Trapped in his genius like a salmon in aspic, he could only fall silent. The finest epitaph, full of Forsterian rue, was penned, quite naturally, by the master himself in 1945 at the age of 67: "I have failed to do what I might. The only first class thing about me now is my grief. . . . O lovely world, teach others to expound you as I have not been able to do!"

Lest this review end on such a note of muddle and loss, and because with Forster the opposite of everything is also true, it might be well to note a visit he made to Buckingham Palace in 1953 to accept the offer of a C.H. He had a long audience with the Queen, who said it was sad he hadn't published anything for so long. He was charmed by her and left brandishing the insignia and saying, "Well, I've got my little toy." But the payoff came when he returned to Cambridge. Awash with patriotic sentiment, he announced to his friends, quite scandalously, that if the Queen had been a boy he would have fallen in love with her. Their reaction is not recorded but I feel sure that someone, somewhere, is still laughing.

Richard Hall

Richard Hall is contributing editor for books for *The Advocate* and the author of *The Butterscotch Prince*.

triumph of the therapeutic," which brought self-satisfied ease in place of psychic discipline. Daniel Bell accuses the cultural contradictions of capitalism, which bred psychological self-absorption from capitalist self-mastery. A popular interpretation labels the 1970s' mood a conservative reaction against the activism of the 1960s. Yet equally good reasons exist for calling this narcissism the progeny of that radical counterculture, since both the successes and excesses of that decade grew alongside self-righteousness and self-affirmation.

Theodore Roszak embraces the positive part of this last interpretation wholeheartedly. An early champion of the counterculture, he now places himself comfortably among the legions of the Self. And with his sharp sense of cultural moods and necessities, he finds allies among ecologists: the interests of the Person and the Planet are one.

Readers of Roszak's previous books, *The Making of a Counter Culture*, and *Where the Wasteland Ends*, will see familiar traces in *Person/Planet*. The enemy is still the culture of objectivity, rationality, order, guilt, discipline, repression, cities, industry, and so on. But now the enemy's name is Bigness. Bigness infects all modern life, causing people to work at impersonal, hateful jobs, to buy goods they don't need, to feel unimportant, isolated, unhappy, and along the way to ruin the necessary balance and resources of nature.

Roszak had earlier hinted at the affinity of ecology and the counterculture, believing ecology to be "the one science that seems capable of assimilating moral principle and visionary experience." Now he finds the roots of ecology in psychology.

Roszak's psychology of the Person is a mixed bag of romanticism, humanistic psychology, Catholic personalism, spiritualism and anarchist individuality. He tries to steer a course between the defenders of repression and the exemplars of materialistic self-indulgence, casting both into the enemy camp of egoists. Those who prize the restraints and accomplishments of the ego are akin to those who find satisfaction in external pleasures and possessions: all egoists strengthen the reigning destructive culture which denies the true interests of the Person and the Earth. Those true interests lie in a psychologically free and materially austere self, which loves innocence, joy, feeling, spirit, magic, cooperation and nature.

That this self is the elemental human

Person/Planet

The Creative Disintegration of Industrial Society by Theodore Roszak

(Anchor Press/Doubleday; \$10.95)

The cultural history of the 1970s could be written around ideas, images, institutions, and practices dedicated to defining, liberating or cultivating the self. Therapies minister to the wounds of fallen pride, loneliness, guilt and moral vacancy. Communes and ashrams give refuge to souls seeking restful intensity and community. People run endless miles or sit cross-legged all day to achieve higher states of private being. Experiments in intimacy and eroticism deepen self-awareness. Somber intellectuals denounce social, mental, and artistic habits that inhibit the free

expression of fantasy and desire. Theories of the Life Cycle nourish a cult of Personal Growth. The bright letters on a popular T-shirt mock the prevailing mood, "Has anyone seen me lately?"

This mood has also aroused serious criticism. When freed from emotional constraints, limitations of will, order and discipline of spirit, the self may be sovereign, but the constructive energies of culture dissolve, leaving aimless indulgence and social disintegration. Such is the "culture of narcissism," in Christopher Lasch's words; its causes abound. Philip Rieff blames "the

being underlying the dominant culture is attested to by the mounting rage many feel against that culture and its impersonality. "You begin to become this strange, subversive thing called a 'person,'" Roszak says, "when an irrepressible rage first rises in you against those who would use you as an unfeeling raw material of their designs—bend you, break you, sacrifice you for purposes and policies deemed more important than your fulfillment." They are, of course, the parents, politicians, teachers, employers and intellectuals who promote self-denial and materialism.

Roszak takes his remedy for this rage from the same social phenomena his adversaries deplore: communes, cults, therapies, etc. And the principal cure is a communal life of simple comforts, open and affective schooling, free exercise of mind, feeling and spirit, and cooperative labor close to home. If this utopia resembles a monastery, it is no accident. "What I see before us," Roszak explains, "is a sort of free-wheeling, post-industrial monasticism," where the "highest social value is the project of self-discovery" and the principal wealth is the richness of the autonomous personality."

Roszak deserves praise for boldly elaborating this utopia of the Person in contrast to the culture of the Ego. And he is not to be dismissed with easy hits leveled at his extravagance. Yet his assault on modernity betrays a resentment and weakness of nerve that are as old as modernity itself, and as troublesome. After all, scientific objectivity has threatened the comfortable habits of human beings for centuries, and the yearning for small, organic community has always marked conservative ideology. Anarchists, with whom Roszak identifies himself, gave this yearning an individualist and often violent twist, and both avant-garde artists and Nazis found justification for their ideas and actions in hostility to the rationality of modern life. To decry modernity is thus to enter a lengthy tradition, but one of dubious worth as evidence against modernity, in the light of that tradition's resentful illiberality. To be sure, rationality, objectivity, self-discipline, self-assertion and the like have not proven unequivocally successful in improving human life. But what have their enemies achieved?

For all his utopian idealism, Roszak does not truly summon us to a better world but to an unworkable and dangerous one. Where the individual

self and subjectivity reign, and where truth arrives through waverings of the spirit, impulses of the flesh, or the rage of resentment, neither mind nor spirit, will nor community, can thrive. The common reality dissolves into individual experience, unless one version of reality is imposed on many people. And against such an imposition, the powers of mind and will must yield or turn to rage, since, when it is freed from the limits of objective existence, reality can be whatever those in authority decide. In unsuspecting irony, Roszak invokes George Orwell as an ally in his defense of the self against objectivity. He fails to see that that unbounded authority of the state of Orwell's 1984 rests not on the hegemony of objectivity but on that of subjectivity—that is, the denial of independence to logic, language, fact, history, and common experience. Orwell even gives his hero the official job of altering public records according to political necessity, and has him recognize the extinction of his mental freedom when finally willing to concede that $2+2=5$. Did we not see signs of this same political psychology in Nixon's blithe efforts to transform shattering objective facts into mere matters of interpretation?

How disquieting it is then to read of Roszak's hope that when "the manifesto of the person . . . takes hold and works its promised change, we may find that neither 'history' nor 'society' . . . any longer possesses any compelling reality for us." Rather, we will "see that the tribe, nation, class, social movement, revolutionary masses . . . [sic] that all these have, like shadows that eclipse the sun, gained their existence at the expense of something far brighter and more beautiful: our essential and still unexplored self."

This is a deceptively sweet vision of what rage can bring to pass—the "creative disintegration of industrial society," as Roszak calls it. The conditions of modernity may cause discontent and demand reform, but Roszak misuses these discontents to promote misguided reforms. For what has brought more harm to mankind than irrationality and the resentful dream of a happy self waiting to rise from modernity's ruins?

James Sloan Allen

James Sloan Allen, who teaches intellectual history at the Manhattan School of Music, is completing a study of the culture of the 1950s.

Brief Reviews

Current Biographies

Brother Billy by Ruth Carter Stapleton

(Harper & Row; \$8.95)

Twice in this mostly harmless book there appears a character the reader might not expect to encounter within its pages—Henry Kissinger—and in a role that might give the diplomatic community a turn. According to Mrs. Stapleton, Dr. Kissinger was saved—maybe—from the dark night of despair by the living example of Billy Carter.

It seems that she met "this Olympian world diplomat" at a reception at the Mexican Embassy when Kissinger, no longer in power, was said to be depressed. Mrs. Stapleton buoyed his spirits with Billy's outlook on life: never grieve about the past. Love people. Love life. "I do not know," writes Mrs. Stapleton, "if Billy's philosophy helped to change Mr. Kissinger's life," but the Olympian did cheer up, and if he didn't go away healed at least he took his wife to Acapulco.

This short book is mostly amiable anecdote and family reminiscence, centered on but not confined to Billy. I think that in writing it Mrs. Stapleton made a mistake like that of the Falls City Brewing Company. They thought that because people laughed at Billy's beer-drinking they would drink Billy's beer; she thought that because people talked and joked about Billy they would want to read about his life.

If I am right that she is in error, we may call it—following Mrs. Stapleton and Jimmy—a Carter "mistake." (The book refers often to Carter

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A NOVEL BY

Translated by
Rosemary Sheed

A Swiss radical's passionate quest for truth plunges him into the violent world of Latin American Revolution.

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VIKING

characteristics, as though they partook of the Essence of Being: "Carter blood" is "driving"; Carters are "incurable overachievers"; Carters read books at meals.) Carters, including the president, seemed often to shrink the immense historical drama of Jimmy's election down to the dimensions of the main street in Plains: handshakes, smiles, promises, family stories, personal virtues. So now Ruth Carter mistakes for a genuine interest in an actual human being named Billy Carter his wide but very shallow celebrity as a cartoon, with its elements of disdainful amusement, perverse identification, Archie Bunker defiance, and so on, all turning now to boredom. It is a fit subject for a sociologist of popular culture. But we don't want to know from the sister *this* much actual trivia about the brother's brother, the brother's brother's wife, the brother's brother's kids, the brother's brother's wedding. . . .

A non-Carter may observe that they—Billy in his much smaller role, as well as Jimmy in his—are caught up in collective forces much larger than those comprehended in the outlooks of the Plains Baptist Sunday School, the good ol' boys at the AMOCO gas station, or the spiritual folk at Camp Farthest Out (where Ruth was converted). You can't have it both ways with the clumsy power of modern publicity: to *use* its gross simplicities for your ends, and then complain that it oversimplifies.

One looks through this book for triangulations and billiard shots: what the sister writes about one brother tells something about the other. On that point one finds in the generally cheerful pages the tiny mark of a needle. Mrs. Stapleton is writing mainly to correct the public picture of Billy as a buffoon, but in doing so there are little contrasts to—even faint jabs at?—Jimmy. Jimmy always appears as the disciplined achiever with a "steel will." But Billy not only has some of his brother's virtues—he is honest, intelligent, a reader—but surpasses him in some. He is a better businessman because more likable, and a better family man; even Jimmy's sons came to Uncle Billy with teenage troubles because their father was busy achieving.

Nevertheless one may ask: is there a candidate on the horizon whose family could keep a dignified silence? One wishes the Carters were not in such a rush to confirm non-southern stereotypes of the South, even to remind some northern literati of the Snopses. In a slightly defensive chapter about Billy's

profit-making escapades on the celebrity circuit Mrs. Stapleton writes that he told her one day, "Ruth, I've really created a monster, and I don't know what to do with it." What to do with it, in his sister's more experienced view, was to hire an agent.

One of Billy's jokes rolls out a barrel of truth. Speaking at a high school commencement, he said, "And, class, remember one thing . . . if you want to be a success, have your brother elected president of the United States."

William Lee Miller

William Lee Miller is the author of *Yankee from Georgia: The Emergence of Jimmy Carter* (Quadrangle).

Rudyard Kipling by Lord Birkenhead

(Random House; \$15)

A conventional review of the second Lord Birkenhead's life of Kipling is less in order than some understanding of why the biography was suppressed by Kipling's daughter in 1948 after she had authorized it in the first place and put the family papers at Birkenhead's disposal. According to the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* of London (October 6, 1978), the book "does not differ . . . in any important feature" from the biography by Charles Carrington commissioned by Elsie Kipling Bambridge after she had bought off Birkenhead with five thousand pounds. But it *does* differ, as it diverges, too, from Angus Wilson's recent *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, whose sympathetic picture of Kipling owes something to the similarity of background between biographer and subject.

Birkenhead did his best to placate Mrs. Bambridge by praising her father's "stainless honor" and "God-sent genius," yet he also recognized that the author of the glorious *Jungle Books* and *Kim*, and of "Danny Deever" and those companion ballads which celebrate the afternoon of the Empire, was not a nice man. And Birkenhead was a scrupulously honest, if not always accurate, biographer.

The passages which must have raised Mrs. Bambridge's sensitive hackles are legion. Kipling's sister Trix is quoted on

her brother's "love for all living things," and his insistence on not owning a gun. "This statement is misleading," says Birkenhead, "for Kipling shot both in India and England with enjoyment, whether or not he owned a gun." Every few pages one confronts similar evidences of the biographer's preference for objectivity over caution. His subject, he wrote, (with the suspicious Mrs. Bambridge looking over his shoulder), had a peculiarly shaped head, and was "abnormally mature" by 16, "covered with black hair" on chest, legs and arms, shaving his swarthy face daily and smoking continuously, and already involved, as Kipling himself confided, with "the fish girls of Appledore."

As a young journalist in India, Birkenhead tells us, Kipling was gratuitously insolent to men of his station, cruel in his use of living persons in his stories, and ungracious to people who pushed his career. He was brashly and intemperately anti-American even before his unhappy confrontation with his wife's Vermont brother-in-law (about whom Kipling "lost his head and made a number of statements far from the facts"), while Caroline Balestier herself—according to Henry James—was "a hard, devoted, capable little person whom I don't in the least understand his marrying. It's a union of which I don't forecast the future. . . ." Elsie Bambridge cannot have liked anything which Birkenhead wrote thereafter about her "possessive" and "neurotic" Anglophile mother.

To Birkenhead, Kipling wrote with "an intellectual brutality," possessed a style—despite many unforgettable phrases—which often lapsed into "an abyss of vulgarity and bad taste," often devoted "much thought and labour to . . . mere triviality," and with few exceptions drew his characters with "faint emphasis and impatient observation." Further, Kipling had a "rancid contempt for politicians," was snidely anti-Catholic and viciously anti-Semitic, and in his later years "combined . . . an incongruous zeal for the emergent Fascist Italy, under a 'strong man ruling alone,' with a vigilant mistrust of a soon-to-emerge Fascist Germany."

Mrs. Bambridge could not have appreciated, either, Birkenhead's comment about her own marriage—that her father "was seized with a strange jealousy of the man who was taking his only remaining child from him," and evidenced a "feminine and perhaps distorted sensitivity." Four years before his death in 1936 Kipling had written his

friend Sydney Cockerell that "the biography and 'reminiscer' business that is going on nowadays is a bit too near the Higher Cannibalism to please me. Ancestor worship is all right, but serving them up filleted, or spiced or 'high' (which last is very popular) has put me off." Elsie Bambridge preferred ancestor-worship. Birkenhead's posthumously released biography is fillet of Kipling.

Stanley Weintraub

Stanley Weintraub, author of *Four Rossettis: A Victorian Biography* (McKay), is now at work on *The London Yankees: American Writers and Artists in London, 1894-1914* (HBJ).

When LaGuardia Was Mayor: New York's Legendary Years

by August Heckscher with Phyllis Robinson

(Norton; \$15)

"In the end his accomplishments would seem less important, and perhaps less durable, than the example of his tireless energy and restless zeal." August Heckscher's conclusion is inadequate to his book, unless the ambiguous "would seem" is read "would come to seem to most people"; for the book outlines enormous accomplishments, given the limitations of America's most peculiar public office, and as for durability—what man can sustain his creations once he's gone? Heckscher does not make the claim, but I'm inclined to risk it: LaGuardia was the greatest "mayor" since Pericles.

LaGuardia's energy and zeal, his famous irascibility and cuddliness—the "drama" of Fiorello—obscure the public man and make Heckscher's history of his deeds invaluable. From the time that Judge Seabury announced, "Now we have a mayor of New York," until LaGuardia crossed a toll-bridge on the way to his successor's swearing-in—"I built the damn thing. Now I have to pay for it" (fumbling unsuccessfully for a dime)—LaGuardia built more than

bridges: he built hospitals, schools, a welfare program, city center for performing arts, new forms of municipal administration, and (least durable of all) trust in city government.

He also built—or suffered—a curiously aborted career. As Heckscher says, New York could spare LaGuardia by spring 1943; but no cabinet-level job—or its equivalent—was forthcoming, although it was ardently hoped-for and confidently announced in news releases and editorials. Heckscher is exceptionally good on the *national* waste (and that's what it was) of LaGuardia's talents.

Questions of the man, the city and the nation aside, a virtue of Heckscher's book is that it generates in passing questions it does not ask. One such: what's the relationship between the native populist-progressive tradition of LaGuardia's mentors and friends George W. Norris and the La Follettes, and European social democracy, that in style and rhetoric at least, are so alien to one another? Between them and of them stands the Arizonan New Yorker Fiorello who spent eight of his formative years as a resident of Austria-Hungary and a congressional and mayoral career as insurgent Republican (and Fusionist

and American Laborite) demanding a Deal more advanced than the New.

Samuel Hux

Samuel Hux has written for *Worldview*, *Moment* and other journals.

James Jones: A Friendship by Willie Morris

(Doubleday; \$8.95)

The messages of this book are that James Jones was great as a writer and as a man, and that Willie Morris is his prophet. The result is a fairly dull gospel, in which Jones and Morris talk bawdy and open their hearts to the poor old human race. Jones appears to have been a man of civilized tastes, but as literary characters go, he was fairly blah. His opinions were not lively, he avoided controversies, and he made many

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The University of Chicago PRESS

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friends. Perhaps a more talented apostle than Morris could have made something of this that is absent here, but I rather doubt it. It is pleasant to learn that at least one American novelist of recent times knew how to behave himself, and I hope that Jones has been rewarded with a soft spot in heaven, but those of us left down below are stuck with this application for Jones's placement in the literary pantheon, and are bound to react impatiently.

Morris is on his knees here from the first page to the last; when he is not worshipping the master, he is sending off smoke signals to the "critical establishment" he feels has done Jones wrong. All of this is very boring, the more so because Morris writes like a copy boy being given his first crack at the Sunday features section. He writes moony meditations on New York City which read like this: "The city of my youth, the city every American should get to know for a while, and to which I owed much, pulsed with tension and electricity." Or this twaddle on the eastern end of Long Island, where Jones lived his last years and became Morris's close friend: "When the summer ends friends fall back upon themselves and people seem

relevant again. It is the beauty of the land which helps hold us together. There are hauntingly beautiful days in the autumn when you feel you do not want to be anywhere else on the Lord's good earth." (O, take me back to Lydia Huntley Sigourney!)

Still, those interested in the details of Jones's life will find this memoir serviceable until a full biography comes along. Born and raised in southern Illinois, he did not enjoy an enchanted youth. His mother suffered from a type of congestive heart disease which eventually killed him, too, and his father was a drunken dentist who ultimately committed suicide. He decided to become a writer after reading *Look Homeward, Angel*, although, unlike Norman Mailer, he seems not to have gone off to World War II convinced that he would write a great novel about it. His first book went unpublished, even after Maxwell Perkins submitted to Jones's demand that he read it. Perkins then encouraged him to write the book which became *From Here to Eternity*, and paid Jones a \$500 option which gave Scribner's the first crack at it. Its great success, and that of the movie which followed, allowed Jones to set himself up comfortably for life. He

married Gloria Mosolino, a self-proclaimed "writer fucker," and they lived happily together for the rest of Jones's days. Most of them were spent in Paris, where they moved in 1958 and stayed 15 years, entertaining many wandering Americans. In 1974 they settled in eastern Long Island. Toward the end he worked hard to finish *Whistle*, the last of his World War II books, but finally his heart gave out, and the apostle Morris had to apply the final touches before publication. I gather from this memoir that Jones was a good man with whom to swap cigars and stories on lazy summer evenings, as long as his Willie-boy could be temporarily diverted.

Mitchell Ross

Mitchell Ross is the author of *The Literary Politicians* (Doubleday).

Correction

Due to an editing error in Kay Boyle's review of Nancy Cardozo's biography of Maud Gonne in the October 28 issue of *TNR*, Gonne was mistakenly credited with working for Amnesty International; she worked for the Amnesty Association.

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proposed history, *La volonté de savoir* elaborates assumptions, lists hypotheses to be tested, describes the questions that prompted the author to undertake so protracted an investigation. Foucault also indicates what Robinson and so many of the *Ancien Régime* have clearly failed to understand: the history to come will be one not so much of sexuality per se as of sexual discourse. Thus the "repressive hypothesis" derives not from Marcuse, as Robinson erroneously and gratuitously speculates, but from Wilhelm Reich, as clearly acknowledged.

"One wonders what could have brought on a breakdown of this magnitude in the land of Descartes." Here, of course, is precisely where Robinson's review breaks down. So long as we cling to the sovereign, rational self, the constitutive *ego* of Cartesian mechanism, Foucault must remain both incomprehensible and infuriating. Only when we give up, however provisionally, our privileged space as the ontological origin of things can we begin to move from what is in fact one system—that of Western, essentially Platonic metaphysics—to another: the discursive system Foucault has spent so many years mapping and bringing to our startled attention. When we admit that man, as such, ultimately neither escapes nor transcends his situation—that economic, biological, and linguistic determinations both define and exhaust his specificity—we shall finally have broken through all the bitter rear-guard mutterings of Paul Robinson and his doddering ilk.

James Harkness
Watervliet, New York

To the editors:

Who is Paul Robinson? I might not have asked had you not honored his public tantrum (*TNR*, October 28) by your catchy cover, "Michel Foucault: Heavy Thinker." I inquire because he might be able to help me publish some of my old hate letters (to analysts, dog catchers, Nixon, etc.)

I assume (it was difficult to be certain) that Robinson's basic complaints against Foucault are: 1) overuse of overused ideas, 2) underuse of evidence, 3) "fraud" (p. 32). These are strange denunciations when made by one who: 1) organizes his critique around the well-received idea that French intellectuals are trendy, Paris-dominated, difficult to decipher, "irresponsible," etc.;

2) "documents" his claims with but one substantive quotation, one additional (non-substantive) footnote citation, an uncontexted word-list, no references to the original French, and the vaguest possible summary of Foucault's (not Marcuse's!) repression hypothesis; 3) begins by urging us not to read Foucault's book and ends by recommending his own (on the same subject). The first is the oldest, most sophomoric criticism made of Parisian intellectuals; the second does not exactly suggest a strong respect for evidence; and the third hardly recommends Robinson as a competent judge of anyone's intellectual or moral character.

Deserving though it is of criticism, one thing Foucault's method does deliver is a way of describing the social foundations of public talk. Robinson's, for example, is of the kinds: "Look Mom I'm writing," and "Gee whiz you guys, my book is better than his." Taken together, they represent the vacuity of talk in a society that prefers style over substance, commercial over intellectual interests.

The real problem is not Robinson, whoever he is, but the fact that our society has come to the point where even literate institutions like *TNR* apparently are not outraged (troubled?) when professors are tempted (compelled?) to publish contentless ravings and hawk their own books under the guise of literary criticism. Where will it end? Or, *devrais-je dire*, what is the bottom line? Surely somewhere there are sanctuaries which forbid the emptiness of modern discourse.

Charles C. Lemert
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Illinois

Choosing between Christ and Marx

To the editors:

Would that life were so organized and sensibilities so defined that one could choose between Christianity and Marxism and have done with it. Such is not the case, and one would hope that Stephen Chapman's Washington base might have served him better in understanding international complexity ("Killing for Christ," *TNR*, October 21).

Is Mr. Chapman aware, for instance, of the large numbers of refugees who are forbidden to return to their own country, Zimbabwe? Has he heard of the conditions within these camps which the World Council of Churches' grant is

intended to ameliorate?

Mr. Chapman dismisses Canon Burgess Carr of the All African Conference of Churches by an illogical extension of a quotation. Actually Canon Carr should be upheld for his courage and compassion in the midst of an often confused but nonetheless vital struggle for self-determination. In a New York speech last week Carr urged his audience to consider the plight of refugee parents whose son has had his hands cut off by the Smith forces. Who is entitled to preach about violence to whom?

The World Council of Churches' grant through the Programme to Combat Racism is a small one—but it is an important gesture to reach out with education, medical supplies and food to folk who are no less entitled to it than those who are not suffering exile and who are not denied a say in their own government.

As a member of a denomination, the United Church of Christ, which belongs to the World Council of Churches, I am pleased that we are part of a world-wide network which refused to be intimidated by national boundaries.

Frederick S. Lowry
Plymouth Congregational Church
Syracuse, New York

Don't cancel my subscription

To the editors:

Re: Judith Green's letter of cancellation ("Correspondence," *TNR*, October 28).

As a Marine officer, a hard-core conservative, as well as a subscriber to your magazine, perhaps I miss Ms. Green's point: is *TNR* to uphold "Liberalism" (as fashionably defined), or to reinforce a displaced New Yorker's fading sense of cultural superiority over mid-American bumpkins?

But perhaps Ms. Green misses *TNR*'s point: to be disagreeable. My subscription to *Time* was allowed to lapse because I grew tired of pabulum; though I disagree with most of your magazine's prejudices, I find many of the arguments aggressive, most coherent, and a few even cogent. I don't read *TNR* to have my views reinforced, but challenged.

Keep punching.

Phil O'Brien
Quantico, Virginia

P.S. As reported in *National Review*, Stanley Kauffmann does have the best column of any national movie critic.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT ABOUT JEWS ISN'T IN THE NEW YORK TIMES (OR THE WASHINGTON POST OR ON CBS)

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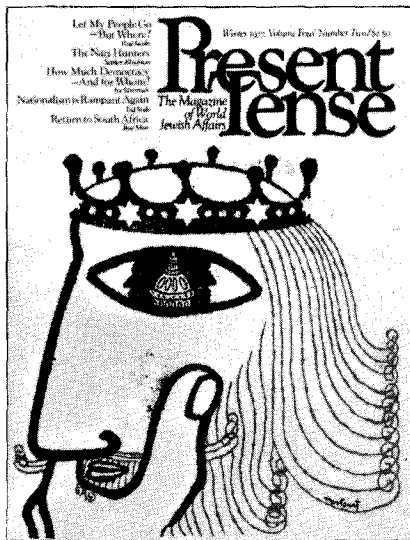
On Soviet Jews: "The historic turning-point was the trial in 1970 of eleven foolish, naive young people who hoped to steal a small airplane and fly to freedom in Scandinavia." Murray Seeger.

On searching for roots in Eastern Europe: "Where was my mother's home? Where was the path she must have walked to the Narew River she had told me about? Where was the synagogue and where was the market place?" Sigmund Diamond.

On Jerusalem: "No place on earth offers so many delights to the eye, the ear and the mind as Kollek's Jerusalem, but one must find the time to stand and stare." Chaim Bermant.

On renewed interest in Judaica among young Americans: "The young people perceived themselves as survivors of the failures of Jewish education and the false values of America." Sylvia Rothchild.

On Israel's Nature Reserves: "It may be that General Yoffe's animals will somehow lead the people of the Middle East to peace one day. But the tanks were in the mountains, waiting. The real beast in the desert was still man." Robert Spero.



On being a Jewish poet: "The truest Jewish poetry will be written out of the inward preoccupations of people who happen to be Jews." M. L. Rosenthal.

On the Persian Gulf arms race: "The ramifications of what is happening... extend from the Caspian Sea to the Suez Canal and from the African Coast to Pakistan." Tad Szulc.

On Israel's Arab intellectuals: "I am an Israeli but I cannot be a Jew." Naomi Shepherd.

On American foreign policy: "American companies, which for

so long we have considered 'our companies,' have in fact become the policing agents of the Arabs' boycott against the U.S." Paul Dickson.

On South Africa: "To live with such a system of laws, with certificates of racial purity, with leaders who admired Hitler, to live in South Africa as a Jew and to be silent and happy takes some special skills." Rose Moss.

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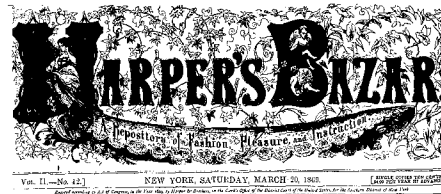
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THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
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I was discussing the state of the world with a friend of mine, an elderly lady. The state of the world, in her opinion, is not good. First of all, she aches all over. Secondly, everywhere she looks Jewish boys are marrying outside the faith (or words to that effect). Other trouble spots of this sort dot the horizon. Her proposed solution? "We need another Roosevelt to knock a few heads together and clean up all this mess." This was a touching example of that aspect of the imperial presidency Henry Fairlie identified a year and a half ago as "the laying on of hands . . . the elevation of presidents to the status of physicians to the people." The backward-looking nature of my friend's remarks suggests that the age of faith may be ending. For myself, I wonder if even FDR could cure an old lady's aches or dispel the appeal of the American blonde, but I didn't say so.

Another lady friend was in Washington recently visiting her grandson, who has a very impressive job in the executive branch. I saw her at the end of an exciting day she'd spent touring the Oval Office, etc. In an attempt to be charming, I said that it must give her great confidence in the future to know that her grandson is helping to run the country. She looked at me sharply and said, "Well whatever happens, I'm sure it's not his fault."

Talk of old ladies naturally makes me think of Sholl's Cafeteria, a favorite of theirs and mine. Mr. Sholl decorates his establishment with little framed homilies about religion, patriotism and the advantages of cafeteria dining. He also publishes these messages in leaflets available in the lobby. A recent offering said, "Try It—The Best Value in Town Swift's Premium Select Liver 60¢ With Onions 75¢. We pray together . . . We stay together." This leaflet also contained the distressing news that Sholl's is about to be evicted and a plea to customers to help find an equivalent downtown location. No doubt in glittery new Washington there is a case for evicting Sholl's from the corner of Connecticut and L streets on grounds of raw incongruity, but in fact the building is about to be demolished. The *Post* reports that Bloomingdale's is interested in the spot. No doubt the day of destruction will be an occasion for displays of mawkishness by passers-by, but I used to work in this building and therefore have no sentimental attachment to it whatsoever. If ever a seedy old

firetrap deserved to be replaced by a Bloomingdale's, this one is it. I knew the place was doomed when Ralph Nader moved his offices there recently. Ralph is like an angel of death in the Washington real estate market. Always looking for the cheapest rent, he inevitably appears shortly ahead of the wreckers. Soon he will be a refugee again, along with another former employer of mine, *The Washington Monthly*, and other organizations with more goodness than money (or, like the Committee on the Present Danger, more evil than money). The *Star* reports that Sholl's may find a home in a snazzy new shopping mall coming up nearby. I hope this doesn't mean liver and onions, 75¢, is about to become quiche and salad, \$4.25.

A remarkable opportunity has come my way. For only \$19.95 each, I may acquire "Portraits of Greatness": a series of 50 little silver coins "honoring the great men and women who led America to preeminence among the nations of the world," struck by the Franklin Mint and personally selected by none other than Dr. Henry A. Kissinger. With only 50 slots, Dr. Kissinger has had to confine himself to the usual suspects, with just a dash of affirmative action: Benjamin Franklin, Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Ralph Bunche, etc. Each shipment of greatness will include "a special commentary, prepared by Dr. Kissinger's associate under his personal supervision." The Franklin Mint points out that this is "a medallic history by a man who himself made history." But the amazing coincidence does not end there. It is also 50 pieces of silver being offered by a man who apparently will do almost anything for a few silver coins. Kissinger has modestly refrained from including himself in "Portraits of Greatness," but perhaps Sammy Davis Jr. will find room for that distinguished profile in his forthcoming series of medallions on the theme, "Portraits of Cashing In."

It's been a bad autumn for joggers. Last week somebody shot a runner in a marathon in Michigan. A .22-caliber bullet entered his head and flattened against his skull at the 10-mile mark. He finished the 26-mile race in three hours, nine minutes, before proceeding to the hospital. Given the psychology of marathoners, the 10-mile bullet in the head probably will become a standard marathon feature from now on. A couple weeks earlier, the headline on a

local crime story in *The Washington Post* set up a nice counterpoint: "Slain Man/Industrious/Father of 6/Police Hunt Jogger." But the biggest setback to jogging recently was the death at age 49 of US Representative Goodloe Byron, Democrat of Maryland, who collapsed of a heart attack while jogging with an aide on the jogger-infested C & O Canal towpath along the Potomac. Jogging legend has it that anyone who finishes a marathon in under four hours cannot have a fatal heart attack. Yet Goodloe Byron had completed six Boston marathons, with a best time of under three and a half hours. The jogging mafia's reaction to Byron's death will seem familiar to those who've seen politicians caught with their fingers in the till, or who've followed the antics of the historian, David Irving, who claims there is no evidence that Hitler knew about the holocaust. The president of the National Jogging Association, according to the *Post*, "issued a terse, guarded statement" refusing to comment until he'd seen a report of Byron's last physical exam. Colman McCarthy, the *Post*'s resident jogging apologist, writing the day after Byron's death, conceded only that the hypothesis that marathon runners are immune from fatal heart attacks "has yet to be proven"—"Actually, the medical community is nowhere near crossing the finish line with such an absolute conclusion." What is McCarthy's hypothesis about the effect of running on other organs of the body, such as the brain? I ask because he quotes with approval an editor of *Running Times* magazine: "It is the quality, not the quantity of running that concerns me. And running enhances that quality in ways that every true runner has experienced." In a more bitter, Nixonian mood, McCarthy complains, "It is curious that the obituaries of distance runners stress that so-and-so was a marathoner but obituaries of nonrunners don't report that the departed never exercised, smoked, drank, ate meat and was overweight." Of course nobody claims that smoking, drinking, lamb chops, etc., can stave off the grim reaper. The originator of the theory about runners and heart attacks, Dr. Thomas Bassler of California, has reported that, without abandoning his old theory, he is working on a new one. "The big question we're all wondering about is can marathon runners age? Can they die from old age?" Well, Goodloe Byron can't.

M.E.K.

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